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TIME

A Letter from the Publisher

on a clear cool day in 1926, a nine-year-old boy in short

hometown airfield in Boise, Idaho. It was the first plane he had ever seen close up. It was also the start of the first permanent scheduled airline service in the U.S. More than half a century later, TIME's Jerry Hannifin finally realized his childhood dream by flying a restored Swallow. He has logged 2,550 hours in the air as a pilot, flying planes that ranged from a J-3 Cub to the Air Force's giant B-52G. An unabashed aerophile who has never let his FAA license expire, Hannifin goes by a simple credo: "I fly whenever I get the chance." He drew on his lifetime of enthusiasm-and his 32-year career at TIME as an aerospace expert-to file for our cover story on the revolution in air travel

When Hannifin landed at TIME in 1946, he recalls, commercial aviation was still the do- Hannifin after flying a Swallow main of a few strong-willed and innovative men

who ran their fledgling airlines with a fierce competitiveness. Among them was C.E. Woolman, who started Delta Air Lines with a pair of Huff-Daland crop-dusting airplanes in Georgia. And Captain Eddie Rickenbacker-Hannifin calls him "great, truly fearless and fascinatingly irascible"-who built Eastern



Air Lines by flying DC-3s to remote East Coast outposts along

Sue Raffety and Sandye Wilson, shows clearly that the industry has made flying easier-so easy, in fact, that this summer many jets are flying at full capacity and airports are overcrowded. The airlines that Hannifin has covered for so long have grown into vast corporations; the executives he interviews these days are members of a new breed, more sophisticated and less rambunctious than their predecessors, perhaps, but as competitive. For Hannifin, the romance of air travel has not been lost. Says he: "There is still a grand sense of freedom in the air." Must be. TIME's Photographer Dirck Halstead aver-

aged 1,760 air miles a day for eight days to take the color pictures for our story. And, despite the crowds, Halstead still likes flying. Jerry Hannifin understands that.

John a . Meyers

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Cover: Lured by low fares, record crowds are hopping aboard planes. Results: high profits for airlines, delays for passengers, big chances for planemakers readying a new generation of iets. See ECONOMY & BUSINESS



Nation: In a major Administration victory, the House lifts the embargo on arms to Turkey. ► An inside look at the SALT negotiations. ▶ How Carter tried to mollify Tip O'Neill by creating a \$50,000-a-year job for the Speaker's buddy.



Secret Contacts: Backstage diplomacy involving Israel and moderate Arab regimes helped prepare Anwar Sadat's historic mission to Jerusalem last year. The tragedy is that it just might have worked. See WORLD

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Go ahead, sell your own home, you riverboat gambler, you.

You might get lucky and save a buck or two.

A lot of folks have tried to sell their own homes and succeeded. A lot more have just tried,

Most people realize that selling your own home can be a costly, time-consuming, even risky affair. And unless you're just naturally lucky, you need the help of a professional Realtor. He can save you a lot of time and headaches. For a lot of good reasons.

If you're thinking about selling your own home, maybe you should consider some of them.

What's your price?

The first thing a Realtor can do for you is recommend a fair and reasonable asking price.

Do it yourself and you will probably ask too much or too little. Either way, you lose.

And don't be fooled by the belief you know pretty well what your home is worth. Market demand, seasonality of sales, location and many other variables often alter your home's value.

A skilled Realtor knows all about these things. Most important, he knows people.

Don't talk to strangers.

If you love talking to strange people at strange hours, by all means sell your home yourself. That "For Sale by Owner" sign in your front yard means you're fair game for everyone—even those passersby who "just kinda wanted to see what the place looked like."

That sign may not get all the prospects you want, either. You may have to advertise. And that means phone calls at all hours.

A Realtor can solve these problems. First of all, he will screen the prospects. He'll know their needs, desires and financial situation. And he'll know who is seriously looking for a new home and who is just looking.

Best of all, he'll show your house only when its convenient for you.

That beautiful art.

Okay, tiger. You're selling your own home. You know the needs and desires of your prospective buyers. And you know what to say, how to present your home to convince them. Right?

Wrong.

Realtors are trained in the art of salesmanship. (And believe us, it is an art.) His study of sales techniques has shown him how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind; how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out.

After all, selling is what it's all

Formal negotiations.

What happens when a prospective buyer makes you an offer—one that's well below your asking price? You're going to argue. And that's the worst thing you could do.

As a principal, you'll discover it's pretty hard to bargain with a buyer—to negotiate about such things as price, terms and possessions. Misunderstandings may crop up. And those small disagreements can spoil a sale.

When a Realtor helps sell your home, he takes on the difficult task of negotiation. He's sort of a gobetween and advisor. And he's objective. He'll tell you when the buyer is right. And he'll tell you when to stick to your guns.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over, or completely avoid, those salekilling misunderstandings.

How to shop for money.

Many prospective buyers don't know much about financing—how or where to get a mortgage. Sell your home yourself, and there's not much you can do to help him

A Realtor knows just about all there is to know about financing. He works very closely with all kinds of financial institutions. He knows their methods and requirements.

Very simply, he can help your buyer find the money he needs to buy your house.

Red tape.

Selling a house involves many details. Paperwork, title searches, finance arrangements. There are a hundred little things to be done.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through the tangle of details as painlessly and safely as possible.

Be it ever so humble.

Crowded closets may make a home look lived in, but it doesn't do much for a prospective buyer. Neither does a dripping faucet, unkempt lawn or loose doorknob.

There are dozens of little things you can do to make your house more saleable. A Realtor can show them to you. (Some of them would never have occurred to you.)

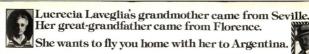
Showmanship is all it's cracked up to be.

In conclusion.

You may be wondering why. Chicago Title Insurance Company cares about how you sell your home. After all, we're in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not selling it. It's just that after serving title needs for over 130 years, we've come to know how important Realtors are and how they can belo you.

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Letters

The Dissidents

To the Editors:

My heart ached when I read of the fate of Anatoli Shcharansky and other Soviet dissidents [July 24]. Their only crime is the love of freedom

> Carolynn Calabro Reedley, Calif.

The Shcharansky trial has proved again that Henry Kissinger's detente was a stillborn child. Previous Administrations did what Christ warned against 2,000 years ago. Kissinger saw the Soviet wolf scrambling into a sheepskin and sat down to wait for it to eat grass.

Leon Rabinovic Honesdale, Pa.



So President Carter should "choose carefully" whether or not he should protest the horrible persecution of Soviet dissidents and religious believers!

Your advice to the Carter Administration brings to mind a famous quote from World War II: "They came after the Jews, and I was not a Jew, so I did not object. They came after the Catholics, and I was not a Catholic, so I did not object. They came after the trade unionists, and I was not a trade unionists, so I did not object. Then, they came after me, and there was no one left to object."

The Nazi persecution of Jews was "an internal matter" at first too.

Judith Hjerstedt Bothell, Wash

Is our country strong enough, brave enough and proud enough to cancel the Olympic Games in Moscow unless Shcharansky and Ginzburg are released?

Harriet K. Flinn
Los Altos, Calif.

Using Young's Quotes

It is a strange paradox that President Carter, who came to power with the sincere and laudable intention of improving Is it sick to love a pen?

Is it crazy to love marker pens that give you the smoothest, thinnest line in town?

Is it kinky to go buggy over pens that feel so right in your hand?

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If it is sick to love a pen, there are millions of doctors, lawyers, cab drivers, housewives, bookkeepers, students, architects, poets, business people, art directors, copywriters, stenographers and short story writers in this world who must be nuts.

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and handling.

Letters

human rights throughout the world, has through his U.N. representative, Andrew Young [July 24], almost certainly done just the opposite.

Every dictator from Brezhnev to Amin will quote Young to justify the continuation and perhaps the tightening of

the suppression of his people.

Frank Hawkins

Amsterdam

Andrew Young was accurate; if we can't count "thousands" of political prisoners currently, we have only to go back through a decade or two of war protests, civil rights activism and witch hunts of the House Un-American Activities Committee to accumulate that many.

John S. Rigney Evanston, Ill.

Sartorial Masochism

My gasping gratitude for your frank discussion on an outrageous instrument of sartorial masochism, the necktie [July 24]. I'm sure the Supreme Court would, if asked, declare the necktie cruel and unusual punishment.

Frank Powell

Florence, Ala.

As one whose neck is bitten by the Roman collar, I can agree with those who sing Blest Be the Tie that Binds!

(The Rev.) John Cassidy

This obsession with suits and ties is a national liability. Suits, ties and jackets serve mainly to conceal. Have you ever thought of what it would do for the nation's physical fitness if every fat gut were on display?

Jack Ratliff El Paso

Personally, I like neckties. As to what you wear—well you can run around naked for all I care, just as long as you leave me alone.

Joseph Rogers Bangor, Me.

The Hot New Imports

You call the new wave of immigrant entrepreneurs talented July 24.1 If they have talent, it is talent we don't need. We don't need new restaurants for the rich, new furniture stores, new real estate companies, model agencies, etc. What we need are designers, engineers and shop mangers who would be supported to the control of the properties with those of Japan and West Germany. We need talented teachers—on all levels.

Carl Beer Sand Lake, N.Y.

You mention people in every field, from bankers and financiers to exportersimporters, and dealers in just about ev-

Letters

erything from abstract art to shopping centers. You missed one field—university professors. You are not anti-intellectuals. are you?

Ken Shen Huang Memphis

I came to America not as an entrepreneur but to make sure that my children would be born American. This is by far the best place on earth to live and let live. To appreciate how great America is, go anywhere else.

Julia Florez Chicago

Gateway to Peace

I have read your proposal for the West Bank and Gaza [July 10] with great interest and I consider your proposals highly useful as a basis for further peace negotiations. In your proposals you state that the Palestinians have a moral if not a juridical right to a homeland of their own." I do not agree to this formulation. I consider that the Palestinians have a moral as well as a juridical right to a state of their own if they wish to exercise their right to self-determination.

I fully agree with you that the capital of the new entity or state should be East Jerusalem, Lord Caradon (in 1967 head of the English delegation to the U.N. and the architect of Security Council's 242 Resolution) has expressed his views on the future of Jerusalem this way: "Two sister cities, I trust with no barriers between them, with a new relationship of equality and mutual respect and cooperative understanding. The noble conception is that the Holy City should become not a barrier but a gateway to peace." I agree with Lord Caradon This new atmosphere may develop

over the Middle East and create the final reconciliation between Arabs and Jews. Therefore, to resolve the Jerusalem problem is rather urgent.

Lieut. General Odd Bull Asker, Norway

General Bull served as Chief of Staff. U.N. Truce Supervision Organization for Palestine 1963-70 and Executive Member, U.N. Observation Group in Lebanon, 1958.

Your proposed plan for the future of the West Bank and Gaza is just and sensible. Many thoughtful Israelis would probably accept it. But it will be rejected by the Palestinian oligarchy-Arafat, Habash and their cronies

The tragedy of the Palestinians-and the Israelis-stems from the fact that there is not a moderate Palestinian leader in sight.

Michael Harsgor Tel Aviv

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Build-ing Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME AUGUST 14 1978

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American Scene

In Illinois: A Better Robot?

Take 1-55 through the gently rolling shopping malls and heavily wooded station wagons south of Chicago. Just down the street from tomorrow, you will encounter the cybernetic, servomechanical, 1/y-acre kingdom of Ben Skora's. Don't expect road signs. "Just ask anybody for the guy with the robot," chuckles Skora.

Some human beings are gifted with perfect pitch, others with total recall. Ben Skora can hand-build just about anything. without benefit of blueprint. A high school dropout, onetime recording company owner, Skora has for the past 30 years helped pay the rent by treating drug, drinking and other behavioral problem cases with hypnosis. But he admits to a lifelong addiction of his own: gadgets. One historic day six years ago, he repaired to his garage with an armload of automobile power-window assemblies and secondhand refrigerator motors worth about \$2,000 at the junkvard. Three years and a psychic \$750,000 later (his labor, which he figures at \$20 an hour). Skora had remade the mountain of junk in his own image and likeness, more or less. And he looked upon it and saw it was good. And he called it Arok. Following the custom among home robot builders. Arok is Skora spelled backward (without the s).

Skora had not simply built a robot; any science fair show-off can do that. He had built a better robot. At 6 ft. 8 in. and 757 lbs., Arok looks something like an airconditioning duct on roller skates. But this man of steel can lift 125 lbs. dead weight, bend 45° at the waist and locomote forward or backward at a top speed of 3° out the trash, serve a tray of Dr Peppers (Skora does not drink hard lisuo).

When not engaged in light housework, Arok passes the day gazing sternly over the living room from his accustomed corner next to the TV set. He moves toward you quietly, with an air of intimidating strength. You know his limbs contain sensors that will short his circuits before he can crush your limbs, but you are reluctant to take his hand when he offers it. You know Arok's master is putting words in his mouth from across the room through a microphone in an attaché case-sized control panel, but you find yourself interviewing him with stiff formality. You know his name is Arok, but you want to call him sir. Your palms grow moist, and the room suddenly seems very small. When you point out with exaggerated amiability that his digital watch is an hour slow, he snaps, "That's Mars time, dummy." He does not suffer mortals gladly

Beneath that obdurate, aluminum ex-

terior beat two 12-volt automobile batteries, 15 electric motors, 35 relays and hundreds of solid-state integrated circuits. Arok has a motorcycle helmet for a skull, a rubber Frankenstein mask for a face, chethes-for formats and a firm, manly handshake. He is remote-controlled by FM radio signals (there is a microphone in his control panel and a speaker in his head). Skora, in fact, had to apply for an FCC license to ensure that commands to Zenoelin or the 1001 Strings for air waves.

Arok's lips move when he speaks, or



Benjamin Skora instructs his robot Arok
He does not suffer mortals gladly.

rather, when Skora speaks through him. Slip a preprogrammed tape cassette into a slot in Arok's back and he will perform a medley of his domestic hits: bend over, rotate his head 180°, shake your hand, tell bad jokes: "You can be replaced by a robot because robots never make mistakes, mistakes, in the stakes."

That joke involves an element of true confession. The fact is that Arok isn't too bright. Without close and constant supervision, Arok would gladly vacuum the dog, pour the coffee on the rug or purée the goldfish in the Cuisinart. "For me to say that he saves me work would be ri-diculous," admits Skora. "Real household androids are at least 15 years away."

Since Arok was born, Skora's life has been a nonstop marathon of local television talk-show appearances (about 30, he figures) and visits from would-be agents, manufacturers and licensees (Skora recently signed a deal to license foothigh Arok toys in Japan), Arok has become a favorite on the convention and industrial-show circuit and wows 'em at bank branch openings by incinerating the ceremonial ribbon with his laser gun. His top appearance fee is \$750 a day.

Still. Arok's travels are not making his master rich. Liability insurance costs \$150 a day. Skora has had to let his hypnotherapy practice dwindle to two or three patients a week. Lugging a 275-lb. tin man around the country is hard work: Arok must be carefully packed in his custom-built, veneered sarcophagus with the plywood bas-relief of him on the lid. And once on the job site, things go bump in the day. Like the time on a Chicago talk show when Arok impolitely dumped a glass of water into the laps of fellow Guests Bill Bixby, John Travolta and Barbara Eden. Or the time onstage in St. Louis when he was taking a little boy for a ride on the tops of his size 60 quadruple E tin shoes, got out of Skora's FM range, demolished the scenery and broke himself in two. Asked the boy, who was unhurt: "Can you do that again?"

Stora concedes, however, that life with Arok has its lighter side. When they go to the local McDonald's together, Skora sends Arok up to place the order. The first time Arok took out the garbage. Skora made sure the garbage men were there; they sat motioniess in the truck for 15 minutes afterward. Once at a Hilton to house by strolling in and asking for a nice green salad with some 3-In-One oil.

If Arok began life as just another gadget for an automated house, he has also become in some peculiar way a member of the family. Skorn's wife Sharon was inbut now the couple cannot help being a bit anthropomorphic about what is their only child. They start the day by saying sood morning to him. They keep a scrapbook of his press citypings. They wore ents worry about a nagging winter cough.

Some months ago, Skora began to fear that Arok was lonely. So now the inventor is staving up nights in his garage, amid piles of eviscerated household appliances, working on a companion masterpiece: an even better robot. Skora says Arok's new sibling will do everything Arok can, plus open doors, light cigars and perform dozens of more complicated tasks that require feedback and self-correction. He (she?) will be semismart, with microprocessors and slow-scan television to guide his (her?) actions and. Skora hopes, the ability to take instructions direct from the inventor's brain waves. Sneb, the new creation will be called, for Ben spelled backward (with the s). - Donald Morrison



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TIME/AUG. 14, 1978

The Right Thing for America

Carter needed lots of G.O.P. help to win the House vote on arms for Turkey

t was one of the most momentous votes in this session of Congress, and the outcome was excruciatingly uncertain until the very last minute. Nearly every member-413 out of 435 turned up to cast a vote on President Carter's request to end the 42-month-old U.S. embargo on arms for Turkey. The ban had infuriated the Turks and weakened the southern flank of NATO. Whether or not Carter would succeed in persuading Congress to lift the embargo was seen as a major test for his Administration

As the House vote began, the cumulative tally flashed electronically on two of the chamber's walls. Soon the legislators were on their feet, shouting, jeering, laughing. The Count was almost a tie: 203 for maintaining the arms ban and 202 for lifting it.

The balloting was not over, however. Both Democrats and Republicans surged into the well of the House, trying to get the attention of the presiding officer, Don Fuqua of Florida. A key handful of them had not yet voted, and others were ready to change their votes. Roars greeted a sudden change in the wall tally; it was now 204 to 202 against Carter's request. But then four more members voted and the count Foes reunited: Wright (right), Brademas (2nd from left) Republican backbenchers

started chanting: "Tip! Tip! Tip! Tip!" They were daring Speaker of the House Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill to break the tie and rescue the President, his fellow Democrat. But O'Neill remained silent, doing nothing. Not only was he deeply committed to the embargo but also he was furious at the Administration for the dismissal of his old friend, Robert T. Griffin, from the General Services Administration. Other Democratic leaders, however, were frantically mobilizing support-for opposite sides. Indiana's John Brademas, the Democratic whip and a leader of the pro-Greek lobby, was fighting to keep the embargo. At this point, he had a lone vote in reserve. Opposing him was Democratic Floor Leader James Wright of Texas, who had already used up most of the "sleepers" he could call on to vote for the resumption of arms sales to Turkey. Brademas played his last card and Wright



shifted dramatically: 205 to 205. Off no. on aye-and it was a victory for the Administration.

matched him: the tally was now 206 to 206

Now G.O.P. chiefs swung reluctantly back into action. They resented the idea that they would have to rescue Carter, but they were acting at the request of a rather extraordinary Carter ally: none other than Gerald R. Ford, their onetime House comrade and President for 29 months, who lost to Carter by only 3% in the 1976 election. Responding to the G.O.P. leaders' promptings, Republican Richard Schulze of Pennsylvania signaled that he was changing his vote. The clerk of the House then cried, "Off no, on aye To jeers, laughter and applause, the tally shifted again: 207 to 205. The pro-Carter forces finally had taken the lead, and after one more member's aye, the chairman brought down his gavel with a whack and declared the final vote: 208 in favor of lifting the embargo, 205 against.

Despite the narrow margin, it was clearly a major victory for President Carter's foreign policy. Since the Senate had voted one week earlier to lift the embargo, full-scale arms transfers to Turkey can resume shortly. The embargo originally had been imposed to pressure the Turks to withdraw their troops from Cyprus, which they had invaded in 1974 to protect the island's Turks from the Greek majority. But the arms ban accomplished little except to damage Turkey's ties to NATO and aggravate the country's domestic political instability.

In a statement following the House's action, Carter praised the bipartisan, statesmanlike recognition that the time has come to turn a new page in our relations with the countries of the eastern Mediterranean . . . [It] is a crucial step toward strengthening the vital southern flank of NATO." Washington expects that the Turks will reciprocate soon by allowing the U.S. to resume electronic monitoring of Soviet military activity from Turkish bases, which the Turks closed down three years ago.

The victory, reports TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil, came only after some important private maneuvering by Jim Wright. Although he personally favored keeping the

embargo against Turkey, he felt that as Democratic leader he must back the Administration's pro-Turkey policy. First he tried to draft a compromise acceptable to Brademas and others who favored Greece rather than Turkey. Brademas agreed to a one-year suspension of the embargo if Turkey would take positive steps to end the Cyprus stalemate. The President rejected that, however, arguing that it would be like putting the Turks on parole. It would offend them.

right then started searching for some formula that could satisfy both the President and a House majority. The result was the bill passed last week. Similar to the Senate version, it allows the President to end the embargo if he certifies that Turkey "is acting in good faith to achieve a just and peaceful settlement of the Cyprus problem." The President must report to Congress every 60 days on progress toward a Cyprus solution.

Wright began calling several dozen Democratic Congressmen to enlist their support. He said later, "A lot of them wanted the lifting of the embargo to pass, but they didn't want to vote for it." With an election only three months away, most Congressmen preferred not to antagonize the influential Greek lobby, But by the the Influential Greek lobby, But by the had a list of 16 Democrats whom he could call on if necessary to back the President.

Carter, meanwhile, had been doing some phoning of his own and was startled by what he found. Of the 30 backbenchers with whom he talked, ten said their vote depended upon what Wright did. This persuaded Carter to endorse the Texan's new compromise.

Undoubtedly, the most important call careful from the made was to Gerald Ford. "I'm in order for made was to Gerald Ford. "I'm in the form of the made was to Gerald Ford. "I'm in the holp" asked the Bresshot. "Quarter for the holp" asked the Bresshot. "Quarter for the holp" asked the the state of the holp asked for the holp asked for



Friend in need Gerald Ford
"I'm in trouble. Can you help?"

in the campaign for your stand on lifting the embargo? The Greeks voted against you 87%?" Replied Ford: "I know, Guy, But it's the right thing for America."

Vander Jagt and half a dozen other Congressmen from Michigan, Illinois and Ohio were so impressed by Ford's appeal and his lack of partisanship that they voted aye. Their action moved a State Department aide to concode: Ford was crucial in delivering a few Republicans." The G.O.P. in fact, helped Carter on the Turkish question, just as it had on the Panama Canal treates and the Middle East aircraft package. A majority of Republicans (78 to 64) words to lift the arms ban on Turkey, while a minority of Cartter's own Democrast (130 to 141) did so.

With all the political arm-twisting, the day-long debate on the issue probably changed few votes. Still it demonstrated the bitterness of the anti-Administration forces. Brademas, for example, tried to embarrass the President by quoting liberally from his 1976 campaign speeches denouncing Ford for opposing the embargo. The Indiana Congressman then tore into the President, charging that Carter's readiness to give Turkey something without getting anything in return shows that he may not be able to deal with Moscow. Said Brademas: "I am a little nervous about the President sitting down to talk with the Soviet Union in the SALT talks and giving action for a promise. Who would trust such a President? Not I."

fter lifting the Turkish embargo, the House turned to a number of other foreign policy matters. It supported the Administration by blocking attempts to cut off military aid to South Korea and Chile. But it then rebuffed Carter by calling for an end to economic sanctions on Rhodesia. Going beyond the Senate's move of the previous week, the House voted, 229 to 180, to abolish those sanctions if a new Rhodesian government chosen in free elections takes office by Dec. 31. The current regime. headed by Prime Minister Ian Smith and three moderate black leaders, has promised to hold such elections in early December. Unlike the Senate action, the House did not require Rhodesia to try to negotiate with the radical Patriotic Front guerrillas before any lifting of sanctions. The Administration feels that this is a mistake and argues that the participation of the Front is necessary for the success of any settlement. It hopes to re-establish that

point during a Senate-House conference. When the House turned to the \$7.3 billion foreign aid bill, it was unexpectedly sympathetic to some of the Administration's arguments. Defeated, for example, was an attempt to attach strings on aid to international organizations, like the World Bank, to prohibit them from using U.S. contributions to assist Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia and Uganda. State Department lobbyists successfully argued that these agencies could not accept money with such conditions. Voting the restrictions, therefore, could force the U.S. to quit the organizations. Heartened by its victory on this issue, the Administration is more optimistic about the prospects for the rest of the foreign aid program. But it faces a major test later this month when key Congressmen are expected to propose slashing more than half a billion dollars from the White House's requests.

A Strategically Located Ally

R esuming full-scale shipments of arms to Turkey will strengthen NATO's southern flank. Almost twice the size of California, with a population of about 42 million, Turkey shares a 370-mile border with the Soviet Union. The 500,000-man Turkish armed forces are deservedly renowned for their ferocity. With more than 300 warplanes and nearly 3,000 tanks, they help tie down about 26 divisions of the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact, which otherwise might be deployed against NATO forces in Central Europe. Its location enables Turkey to monitor Soviet warships, including submarines, passing from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean and to deny overflight rights to Russian warplanes headed for the Middle East. Three U.S.manned electronic surveillance bases, due to resume operations shortly, can eavesdrop on the U.S.S.R.'s underground nuclear explosions and missile tests and even tune in radio traffic between Soviet aircraft U.S. aid from 1946 through last year to-

taled nearly \$7 billion, and even during the four-year embargo a loophole enabled the U.S. to send the Turks about \$140 million worth of fighter jets and missiles, among other things. But the Turks, angered by the embrago, began making overtures to their Russian neighbors. Moscow responded eagetly million credit for nonmilitary purchases. Turkey's slight shift toward neutralism is now expected to end.



Turkish troops in training



The U.S.'s Earle (far right) greets Russia's Semyonov at the arms talks in Geneva

Facing the Russians

It's more chess than poker, say SALT insiders

hen U.S. Ambassador Ralph | text are pairs of alternately worded pas-Earle met the Soviets' Vladimir Semyonov at the SALT meeting in Geneva one sunny morning last week, they did not shake hands at the door. It was not because there was any bad feeling between them but because Semyonov, a deputy foreign minister of the Soviet Union, subscribes to an old Russian superstition that it is bad luck to shake hands on a threshold. That is one of the many small oddities of negotiating with the Russians. Although the world's attention is periodically focused on highly publicized encounters between Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko-the next one is expected to take place in New York City in September-the real labor of negotiating an arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union takes place at largely secret meetings in Geneva, There, TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott had a rare opportunity to observe the permanent SALT delegations at work. His

For nearly six years, U.S. and Soviet negotiators have been haggling over what is potentially one of the most important pieces of paper in the world. It is also one of the most complicated. The typescript of the Joint Draft Text for a SALT II agreement runs 61 pages-ten times as long as the SALT I agreement Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev signed in 1972. Every page is stamped SECRET, and almost every sentence is the result of months, in some cases years, of bargaining. Scattered throughout the agreed-upon sages in brackets. These are the provisions and definitions still in dispute. In the English version, the U.S.-proposed wording comes first and is numbered 1, followed by the Soviet proposal, numbered 2; the Russian version has it the other way around. The brackets sometimes embrace a single word or number, sometimes a lengthy paragraph, sometimes a semantic fine point, sometimes a major issue on which ratification itself could depend. Slowly and cautiously, following detailed orders from their respective capitals, the negotiators are chipping away at the brackets that prevent the draft from being a finished treaty.

The U.S.'s chief SALT negotiator is Paul Warnke, 58, but he also serves as the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in Washington and is directly responsible for three other sets of negotiations. The result is that he has been able to attend only about 25% of the SALT sessions in Geneva. In Warnke's absence, the U.S. "working level" negotiators are led by Ambassador Earle, 49, a lawyer and former Pentagon official who has been a full-time member of the SALT delegation for five years. His current job, says Earle, "is a little bit like being a trial lawyer, except it means going to trial constantly, a number of times every week. We used to be told in law school that you had to prepare four to eight hours for every hour in court. It's the same here. The only difference is here there's no judge.

Instead, there is just the lawyer for the other side. Semyonov, 67, a nearly bald veteran of 39 years in the Soviet diplomatic service, has been the chief of his delegation since the beginning of SALT in 1969. Among Americans who have dealt with him over the years, Semyo-nov has the reputation of being a stubborn bargainer who, if necessary, can talk any adversary under the table. He also seems to be the uncontested commissar of his own colleagues in Geneva. 'We have a democratic delegation," he once remarked. Paraphrasing the famous ending of George Orwell's Animal Farm, he added: "We are all equal. But I am

more equal."

Earle and Semvonov get together weekly with only their interpreters present. They alternate between the local Soviet diplomatic mission and U.S. SALT headquarters, a nondescript modern of-



Soviet and U.S. SALT delegates enjoy view of Lake Geneva while haggling over points For the Americans, a strict rule against one drink too many.

USAF

fice building originally built to house Playboy-Financier Bernie Confield's Investors Overseas Services before his empire collapsed in 1970. Even though Earle and Semyonov have known each other and Semyonov have known each other special control of the control of the control is pushiness. They address each other as "MY Ambassadov" and "MY Minister," and Semyonov often speaks from notes or even prenared texts.

These one-on-one meetings are often the most intensive encounters of the week. For two to four hours, Earle and Semyonov trade previews of proposals to be tabled at more formal sessions a few days later, and sometimes they pick up signals of new flexibility in each others' positions—or of new troubles ahead.

The state of the s

The U.S. statement is drafted in Geneva but based on extensive guidance from the White House. "Basic instructions," those containing a new proposal, for example, are approved by the Prescuent himself;" amplifying instructions' are cleared by National Security Advisor Dispine Witer Zbigniew Brezimski. The Soviet statement is translated into English by the U.S. delegations's team of five resident interpreters and flashed back to own coded communications reserved:

The plenary session usually lasts no longer than 48 minutes. The delegations then break up into smaller, "post-plenary" working groups over coffee, tea, juice, cookies and peanus; (Warnke's predeessor, U. Alexis Johnsson, instituted a dry rule in 1973, fearing that one drink too many during a post-plenary might lead to an inadvertent breakthrough—or breakdown.)

American delegates huddle with their Soviet opposite numbers to explore possibilities for compromise. Lieut. General Edward Rowny, who represents the Joint Chiefs of Staff, sits down in one corner with General Ivan Beletsky of the Soviet Defense Ministry, while Pentagon Scientist Gerald Johnson debates the esoterica of multiple warheads or cruise missiles with Electronics Expert Alexander Shchukin. 78, an urbane old Bolshevik who joined the Red Army the year of the Russian Revolution. Shchukin occasionally asks Warnke or Earle, in fluent French, to send his regards to two former U.S. SALT negotiators who used to be his interlocutors in Geneva post-plenaries—Paul Nitze, now a leading opponent of the prospective SALT II treaty, and Harold Brown, now Secretary of

Another sophisticated member of the Soviet team is Valdmir Pavlichenko, who has a command of idiomatic American English, a caustic sense of humor and an impressive understanding of U.S. domestic politics. He is identified on the mestic politics. He is identified on the delegation list as representing "the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences." Actually, he was exposed by the New York Times in 1971 as a veteran official of the KoR.

Between working sessions, the delegations mix in a variety of more relaxed settings—over lunch, dinner or cocktails, since the dry rule applies only to the post-plenaries. The Americans tend

Carter Administration's desire to enlist congressional support for the treaty. Asked why there are no similar visitations to Geneva by members of the Supreme Soviet, the U.S.S.R.'s rubber-stamp parliament, the Russian remarked sarcastically: "Perhaps our Supreme Soviet has more confidence in us than your Congress has in your delegation."

Earle sums up the experience of negotating with the Russians. "It's frequently tedious and frustrating. The importance of the exercise is its reward. It goes slowly partly because the chips are so large—aithough I find it's more like chees than poker because of the complex interrelationship of the issues. Obviously we're negotiating on different sides of the table from the Soviets, but we're in a common



Entrance to the Soviet Union's mission in Geneva
"We are all equal. But I am more equal," says the delegate.

to drink vodka, and the Russians prefer bourbon. But even these more informal contacts are governed by strict rules nei-ther side, for example, ever mentions Jimmy Carter's human rights campaign. Nor are such contacts truly private. The U.S. negotiators prepare memorandums known as "memores" on any "unofficial" via the properties of the presumably does the same.

he U.S. team is frequently augment ed by visiting Congressmen and Senators, who are designated "advisers" to the American delegation and allowed to sit in on meetings. "We have sustained an invasion of your legislators," said one Russian negotiator, "and, as you know, we do not believe in invasions." But the Soviets limit their objections to occasional wisecracks, since they understand the endeavor. It's not a race which one will win and the other will lose. It's more like two climbers trying to get to the summit at the same time."

After 15 months of nonstop talk -since the beginning of the Carter Administration-with only two weeks off for Christmas, both delegations in Geneva are ready for an August break. But each is reluctant to propose one. The Soviets, as a matter of negotiating tactics, never want to suggest that they are wearying, and the Americans do not want to encourage speculation that SALT is being "suspended" in retaliation for the recent Moscow trials of dissidents. Asked about the possibility of a brief and much needed vacation. Soviet Negotiator Pavlichenko looked wide-eyed in mock astonishment and asked "What? A recess? When there is still unfinished business?"





House Speaker Tip O'Neill

Robert Griffin

Soothing the Speaker

When Tip O'Neill gets mad, things start to happen

rank Moore dreaded the encounter. "You can't believe how this is going to upset the Speaker," said President Carter's congressional liaison man.

Why don't you go see him?" replied the President. "Tell him I'm going to back Solomon.'

"I'll do that," said Moore, "but he's going to blow up.

What Moore had to tell House Speaker Thomas (Tip) O'Neill two weeks ago was that Carter was going to back Jay Solomon, chief of the scandal-plagued General Services Administration, in the dismissal of the agency's No. 2 executive, Robert Griffin. An old friend of O'Neill's. Griffin was in no way implicated in the charges of theft and kickbacks at GSA that are currently being investigated. He simply did not get along with Solomon

The Administration's first mistake was to underestimate O'Neill's sense of propriety. By the time Moore got an appointment to see O'Neill, the decision to dismiss Griffin had already leaked out. When the Speaker asked Moore about the rumors, he replied: "There is going to be a showdown, and the President is going to back Solomon." O'Neill asked specifically whether it was true that Solomon was going to call in Griffin the next day and fire him. "I don't know what you're talking about," Moore said. "I don't see how it can be done. Solomon is in New York, and he's going to California

O'Neill apparently misunderstood Moore's words as meaning that Griffin was not going to be fired. "He said it can't happen," O'Neill later told a friend. "He didn't tell me the truth." When Griffin was indeed fired the next day. O'Neill was deeply outraged. He declared publicly that both he and his friend had been

"treated shabbily." As for Moore, O'Neill said, he would no longer be welcome in the Speaker's office-an extraordinary blow to the relations between two branch-

Over breakfast the next day, Carter tried to mollify O'Neill. "It's just one of those things," said the President, "They [Solomon and Griffin] didn't get along Exploded O'Neill: "It's the way you did it, in the middle of a scandal."

The President then launched a remark-able campaign to undo his own deed. Griffin was invited to the White House, where officials praised his talents as an administrator. Most important, Vice President Walter Mondale was assigned the task of finding him another job. At midweek, the White House announced that Griffin had accepted a newly created \$50,000-a-year appointment as a "senior assistant" to Robert Strauss, the President's special trade representative and counselor on inflation.

Nobody seemed to know exactly what Griffin was supposed to do-"a little of everything," said Strauss-but it was obvious that, with his congressional connections, he could be useful in lobbying. Tip O'Neill seemed partially mollified. "The performance between the Administration and the Speaker's office is on the same course as it has always been," he said.

It was Jerry Rafshoon, newly hired to improve Carter's image, who had argued most forcefully that Carter should press ahead with the dismissal of Griffin regardless of O'Neill's anger. Backing off. he said, would make the President look indecisive. In the end, the Administration's handling of the Griffin affair seemed not only indecisive but inept.

Enemy Territory

Carter vs. the bureaucrats

President Carter, who has declared that civil service reform was "absolutely vital," has not yet pushed his proposals through Congress. For the past two weeks he has waged a lobbying campaign. meeting with members of Congress, business executives and newspaper editors. One day he even ventured into enemy territory by participating in a public meeting in Fairfax. Va., a suburban county where it is estimated that 40% of the families have at least one member who works for the Federal Government.

The President was at his understated, low-key best, and if he did not convince his skeptical audience, he did not antagonize them either. In his opening remarks, he pledged: "There is no way that this legislation which has been proposed ... can possibly hurt any competent and dedicat-

ed public servant.

One of the most important concerns to the public servants was the proposed creation of a Senior Executive Service of 9,200 federal managers who could be transferred from one agency to another and who would be paid according to merit. Ruth van Cleve, an Interior Department employee, expressed a common concern that such executives might be subjected to political pressure if they wanted to keep their jobs or get more money. Carter said SES membership would be voluntary; if its members were not happy in their posts, they could return to their old categories with full legal protection. Besides, the new program would impose a 10% limit on political appointees in the federal bureaucracy

Carter's replies were clear and direct. One woman was worried about the emphasis being put on making it easier to fire people. His response: "It is an abuse for a good employee to protect one who's no good." Another woman was applauded after saying she was often made to feel ashamed of working for the Government. "As President," said Carter, "I have some of the same feeling you do. Some of my old classmates and friends think I have disgraced my class by becoming a fulltime Government employee."

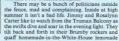
Support in Congress is broad but shallow, while opposition from the bureaucracy is focused and intense. Congressional committees have made some major changes in the bill, which is expected to reach the House floor late this week. Republicans who backed the original proposal are now offended by a provision making it easier for federal employees, who are estimated to be mostly Democrats, to engage in political activity. The White House is confident that it can live with some of the changes and persuade the full House to modify others. If victory is not exactly in sight, it is also not out of the question.

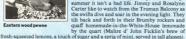
The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Warblers, Lemonade and Surf

The big-beaked Tipper flapped out of the White House in a huff the other day and may not come back until fall. To heck with him. There was a robin that built a nest in a fig tree on the North Portico, raised a brood of four, flew off to the East Porch and did it all over again in a juniper. She loves the place and will return next year, or so believes Fred Evenden, executive director of the Wildlife Society, who has been watching the robin all this summer

A mourning dove has set up housekeeping in Jackie Kennedy's garden and another that has nested under Andrew Jackson's magnolia. The mockingbirds are getting into the Concord grapes, which are just turning juicy in the arbor. There are in fact about 16 kinds of permanent bird residents on the White House's 18 acres-catbird, house finch, downy woodpecker, fish crow, rock dove, goldfinch. And another 38 kinds drop by for visits. A couple of Mallard scooted in to see the south fountain. Evenden, lurking in the bushes, spotted itinerant yellowthroats, towhees, pewees, chickadees, ruby-throated hummingbirds, red-eved vireos and a red-breasted nuthatch.





Amy has graduated from a straight front dive to a back jackknife and is now into the flip (comes by it naturally, chuckles a friend). It is a time for good nature, with the high crowns of the trees at their deepest green, the geraniums at their best and the lone White House crape myrtle blooming its heart out over in the southeast corner.

Gardener Irvin Williams has been harvesting sprigs of chives, rosemary, thyme and marjoram to give the summer table a little lift. The First Couple are down to two meals a day as heat climbs. But they have other nourishments, like the pad, pad of the bare feet of Grandson Jamie, 18 months, and Shelby

Foote's novel September September

Williams has spotted a few raccoons skulking in the shadows at night, and he has the usual population of gray squirrels that scamper between the lawn and Lafayette Park across Pennsylvania Avenue. How they survive the traffic is another of summer's miracles. Apparently the garter snakes have not. Williams used to find a few of the Mallard duck friendly fellows around the place, but no more.

Workmen resurfaced the tennis court, so there is good play when the cool comes in the evening. Before they went to work they took a boring of the old court. fearing that they would have to start with a new foundation. But what they found was three or four other surfaces laid down like geologic strata-late Cal Coolidge. early Franklin Roosevelt, middle Ike

Curator Clem Conger shut the East Room and put in a new parquet floor. After 30 million tourists since 1948, Lyndon Johnson's fox trot, Jimmy Carter's Charleston and a few other indignities, the wood was paper thin

Old George has been shipped off for a bath and a touch-up. That is Gilbert Stuart's 9-ft. original of the founding father. It is the only thing that has hung in the White House since Day One. It is the picture Dolley Madison decided to rescue on the afternoon of Aug. 24,

Carolina chickadee

1814. She couldn't budge it herself, so she called in a carpenter, who axed the lower part of the frame and let the canvas fall out. Dolley rolled it up, gave it to two men who sneaked through the British lines going north, while Dolley

rode south to safety. The most historic painting in the place. But there is a new beauty over in the West Wing reception area that is attracting a lot of attention-Thomas Moran's painting of the California coast. It beckons the beset. cries out for the troubled, to come smell the surf. Jimmy got the message. He is going out that way for a vacation in a few days.



Costanza in a White House softball game No one asked her to go-or to stay.

Midge Quits

Carter loses an outspoken aide

66 eople either like me the way I am. or they don't." Midge Costanza liked to say. In the White House, as the months wore on, it seemed that more and more members of Jimmy Carter's allmale Georgia Mafia did not cotton to the brash, opinionated woman who served as his Assistant for Public Liaison-his emissary to women, ethnics and other demanding constituent groups. "A flake and a clown," some staffers grumbled openly when she made headlines with her impulsive acts-prematurely calling for Bert Lance's resignation, injudiciously using her office to round up guests for a fund raiser to pay off her old campaign debts, inviting homosexual activists to the White House. Only two weeks ago, she vehemently denied that her resignation was imminent. "If you reporters would quit bothering me," she stormed, "I could get back to work." Four days later, she resigned.

For once, Costanza, 45, was reticent. She sent Carter a letter of resignation, issued a valedictory statement claiming that "no one asked me to go" and then slipped away to a Florida hideaway

Perhaps no one had asked her to go. but neither had she been encouraged to stay by anyone in the White House. Three months ago, aides close to Carter turned over the bulk of her duties to Anne Wexler, 48, a liberal Democratic Party veteran and moved Costanza from a spacious office near Carter's to a cubbyhole in the White House basement.

Costanza's feminist supporters were indignant at her departure. But Carter aides insisted that her chief problems were

inefficiency and ineffectiveness. Said one of her former colleagues: "She lacked the self-confidence to do the job well." Moreover Costanza clashed repeatedly with Carter on some policies. "I disagreed with him on three major issues," she said. "I was for full amnesty [for Viet Nam-era deserters and draft evaders]; I was for gay rights: I was for a stronger [pro-] abortion position.

Costanza once called her job "a responsibility, not a title," and declared: "I'm not afraid to lose it. But when I leave I want to be the same person who walked in. I'm not gonna change." That obstinate trait was both a virtue and the reason for



Assassins' Trail The U.S. names seven killers

omething has happened in the District of Columbia." Two days after receiving this cryptic phone message from an accomplice, Michael Townley, 33, an American-born agent of Chile's secret police (DINA), flew home to Santiago from Miami, his mission accomplished. It was to assassinate Orlando Letelier, 42. a selfexiled former Chilean ambassador and eloquent critic of the military junta headed by General Augusto Pinochet. Letelier was killed in Washington on Sept. 21, 1976, by a remote-controlled bomb planted in his blue Chevelle; killed with him was an American aide Ronni Moffit.

Last week a 22-month Justice Department investigation of the slavings ended when a federal grand jury indicted General Manuel Contreras Sepúlveda, a Pinochet crony who headed the Chilean secret service, which was abolished a year ago; DINA Operations Director Pedro Espinoza Bravo; DINA Agent Armando Fernández Larios and four Cuban exiles who



Slain Exile Orlando Leteller An indictment that may stir up Chileans



DINA Chief Controrse

The key evidence for the 15page indictment came from Townley, who named as an unindicted co-conspirator. He had been

belong to a fanati-

cally anti-Castro

group in the U.S.

All seven were

charged with

murder

reluctantly turned over to the U.S. in April by Chilean officials-only after the U.S. had threatened to break diplomatic relations. Townley was offered leniency by investigators in return for his testimony. The indictment states that he, Espinoza and Fernández set up the assassination on orders from Contreras and that the Cubans helped carry out the actual bombing.

In Santiago, Pinochet ordered that the three Chileans be kept under house arrest. Espinoza and Fernández are officers in Chile's army; Contreras, once Chile's second most powerful official, was forced by Pinochet to resign in October to improve the junta's image. The Chilean Supreme Court now must determine whether the U.S. has enough evidence to warrant extraditing them to the U.S.

Pinochet insisted that the charges were only "presumptions and not proof," leading State Department officials to believe that he has no intention of turning over the trio. Nonetheless, some State Department specialists still hoped that Chileans' outrage over the indictment might compel Pinochet to cooperate. Said one U.S. official: "The possibility that a death squad was sent to the United States with the knowing consent of Pinochet is something that is bound to stir up most Chileans." But they lack most political and press freedoms, and Pinochet has weathered serious political storms in the past. When reporters in Santiago asked him last week if the government would fall, he responded defiantly: "Absolutely not."

Missing Its Man

The FBI ignores a tip

n nearly two years of sometimes cha-otic operations, the House Select Committee on Assassinations has shed little new light on the murders of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. But when the committee begins public hearings scheduled for next week, it will produce some evidence that, if nothing else, is bound to embarrass the FBI.

Committee investigators have received documents from FBI files showing that the bureau unaccountably never followed up an intriguing story about King's death told to an agent by an informant in 1973. The informant reported that Russell G. Byers, 46, then an auto parts dealer in

St. Louis, had told him that two Missourians-Stockbroker John R. Kauffmann and Patent Attorney John H. Sutherland -had offered him \$50,000 in 1967 to arrange for King's assassination. Byers said that he turned down the offer. Subsequently, the New York Times obtained another FBI document, quoting Byers as saying that Kauffmann later made the payoff to the actual assassin, James Earl Ray, who is now serving a 99-year term for the murder

The agent in St. Louis who talked with the informant wrote up a report-but then filed it in his office rather than forwarding it to other agents working on the King case. Not until Byers came under investigation for an art theft last spring in St. Louis did the FBI discover the report. The Justice Department promptly passed it along to the House committee.



Assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. Allegations of a payoff to James Earl Ray.

The truth of the matter may never emerge. Under questioning by committee members, Byers has stuck by the informant's account of the \$50,000 bounty on King. It is not clear whether he also confirmed that the money was paid to Ray. The committee plans to administer a lie detector test to Ray about the tale; he will be removed from jail to testify at the hearings. But Kauffmann and Sutherland have both died, and their widows insist that their husbands had nothing to do with the murder of the civil rights leader.

The whole episode of the mis-

placed documents might have been dismissed by the FBI's critics as a regrettable oversight but for the hostility that the bureau demonstrated toward King over the years. Thus filing away the reports was a mis take that the FBI could

not afford to make.



Methods Tried And True

Wealth and work still pay off

Politics can still be predictable. That was the message, if any, of last weekly primary to the proposed once again that money counts, so do family name, hard work, good looks and—increasingly among a tax-and-inflation-weary electorate—appledge to be frugal. From a national standpoint, the week's biggest winner was republican Senator Howard Baker, 52, who clobbered five lackluster opponents —a larger share than even the expected and one that fortifies his presidential ambitions. Highlights of the racing ambitions.

KANSAS. The Republican Senate primary was a triumph of sentimentality, a belated vicarious victory for native son Alfred Landon, who lost so spectacularly to Franklin Roosevelt in the 1936 presidential election. Landon's daughter, Nancy Landon Kassebaum, 46, a separated mother of four and former aide to incumbent Senator James Pearson, who is retiring, outpolled eight rivals, all of whom grumbled that they did not have her name. Indeed, she made the most of it. "A fresh voice," proclaimed her TV ads, "and a trusted name." Her father, a spry 90, did not participate much in the campaign, but he joined Nancy in one TV ad. Said Nancy: "Don't you think the President has shown a lack of leadership?" Replied Alf: "When the trumpet sounds uncertain, how can you go into battle?" Remarked Nancy with cheerful candor: "It has been said that I am riding on the coattails of my dad. I can't think of any better coattails to ride on. She will doubtless continue to use them when she faces the Democratic primary winner, Bill Roy, 52, a former Congressman and a physician who boasts that he has delivered 5.500 babies

Republican Governor Robert Bennett, 51, brushed aside two token primary opponents. Even Republicans, however, complain that he does not seem to be experienced by the control of the control of officious manner. He is also under attack for the rise in property taxes. But his Democratic opponent. John Carlin, 38, the boyish-looking speaker of the Kansas house of representatives, is still relatively cultumber Democrats three to the control of the control

TENNESSEE, Jake Butcher, 42, won the Democratic gubernatorial primary large-benedicties and the second primary large-benedicties. The second primary large properties are also properties and the second properties which is properties were Tentra with the inscription IT'S NO SIN TO BE RICH. The candidate liked to talk about the 14 bathrooms in his posh home—one for each year he had to do without indoor



Alf Landon and Daughter Nancy Kassebaum

plumbing as a boy on the family farm. An aggressive banker who built his empire by heavy borrowing, Butcher told voters: "There are only three ways to make money. I didn't inherit it. I didn't steal it. So I had to borrow it." His tactics resembled those of his friend, go-go banker Bert Lance, who, in fact, borrowed \$443,000 from Butcher in 1976 to buy stock in the National Bank of Georgia. Butcher regularly hacks at the King's English, as his wife Sonia admits: "Four years ago, he didn't even know how to say 'gubernatorial' properly." But many of his fans do not care what the slim, silver-haired, smartly dressed candidate says when he



Jake Butcher waving to supporters

No apologies for lavish campaign spending.

flashes his smile. Asked why she was voting for him, a woman with a beehive hairdo gushed: "Lord, honey, them looks!"

Butcher barely got by his closest opponent, Robert Clement, 34, dubbed "Baby Bob" partly because he kept reeminding voters that he was the son of Frank Clement, a popular former Governor. Clement's brochures emphasized the connection: "Like father, like son." A born-again Christian, Baby Bob even copied his father's arm-flailing oratory.

Butcher may have a tougher fight against the Republican nominee, Lamar Alexander, 38. A onetime aide to President Nixon, understatted Alexander played down his image as a Nashville attorney by exchanging his Brooks Brothers suit for a plaid shirt, khaki pants and hiking boots and trekking 1,000 miles across the state on foot.

Howard Baker roved that in Team Howard Baker roved that in Team Howard Baker roved for the Panama Canal treaty hardly nicked him with the votes, even though his conservative opponents attempted to exploit the issue no made the headlines by printing up fake \$100 bills to illustrate his campaign gainst taxes, only to have the Secret Service confiscate them. Jane Eskind, 45, a longtime Democratic activist, work party's nomination and thus became the first bernam from a major party to run first bernam from a major party to run to the party's nomination and thus became the first bernam from a major party to run to the beautiful party to the party in th

Pie in Your Eye

Or mousse in the mug

About 200 guests showed up at Washington's fashionable Club La Serre last week to celebrate the appearance of the Fleetwood Mac rock group. Among them: Chip Carter and House Majority While John Brademas, along with a sprin-kling of Senators (Alan Craston and Dick Clark's) and political hopefuls (Bill Bradley and Younne Burlet. Also there, matty in a may bibe suit, white shirt and tie, was the eustomatry cassal White Comment of the Commen

As it happened, he would have been better off at home. Toward midnight, as the party drew to a close, a still unidentified guest picked up a bowl of checolate mousse and flung it at Jordan—all over his blue suit, all over his shirt and tie—then fled out the door.

After the celebrated Amaretto-andcream affair is, months ago, in which Jordan was accused of throwing his drink at a woman in a Washington bar, the White House issued a 33-page denial. This time its response was confined to a tacturar in But Jordan was trate. "Last night might have been the last straw for me." he said. "People will be lining up to throw pies in my face if If Ity to go anywhere."

Nose to Nose

Philadelphia confronts a cult

n Philadelphia's once elegant North 33rd Street stands a red brick Vistorian house surrounded by trash, garbage and human excrement. Children and dogs play in the yard, while adults lean over a 6-th-tigh wooden barricade and shout obscenities at passers-by. "This is our house, and we are not going to let will defend our house. We will defend our house.

From across the street, the police are watching, as they have been doing for 16 months, after city officials had decided that the house was a public nuisance and began trying to evict its residents. All belong to a self-styled back-to-nature cult called MOVE (according to members, the name does not stand for anything). Last week the odd state of siese—which has

hordes of rats. MOVE mothers give birth naturally, biting off their babies' umbilical cords. Their children do not attend school and usually go naked—even in winter. Members also reject burial; at one point they showed reporters the shriveled corpse of a month-old baby who had died from undisclosed causes.

MOVE members threatened to kill their own children if city health officials attempted to inspect the house. Later, brandishing M-1 rifles, automatic pistols and sawed-off shotguns, they refused to admit building and fire inspectors.

Mayor Frank Rizzo, who earned a tough-cop reputation as police commissioner in the 1960s, surrounded the house with officers wearing flak jackets and carrying automatic weapons. Fearful of feeding racial tensions or harming the children of the control of the co



MOVE members assemble defiantly on the porch of their Philadelphia house $A\ communal\ life-style\ that\ attracted\ rats—and\ objections\ from\ neighbors.$

cost Philadelphia some \$1.2 million for round-the-clock police surveillance—approached a showdown when a city judge issued warrants for the arrest of 21 MOVE

MOVE can be traced back to 1971, when Vincent Leaphart, a black handyman, took the name of John Africa and established the Movement Toward a More which is dedicated to giving America back to the Indians and abolishing all governments "from here to Moscow and Peking." His followers, most of them black, all adopted the surrame Africa, bought their Children and dogs.

The communal group's life-style soon brought objections from neighbors. Members refuse to bathe with soap, and many wear their hair in unkempt dreadlocks. They "recycle" their refuse by dumping it in the yard, a practice that attracts gas, water and electricity. Finally, in May, the siege ended. MOVE members reluctantly turned their weapons over to the police and promised to vacate the house within 90 days.

ast week the members changed their minds. Said Chuck Africa, a spokesman for the group: "We only signed that agreement to crystallize what Rizzo is. To agree with Rizzo is to disagree with John Africa. We have never compromised before." At week's end police were prepared to move on the house. Said the mayor: "There will be no more bargaining, no more conversations, meetings or agreements. These people represent nobody but themselves; they're complete idiots." But the mayor may not have seen the last of MOVE. "We may be leaving the house, said Delbert Africa, MOVE's coordinator of confrontation and target practice, "but we're not leaving Philadelphia.'

The Death of a Family

Tragedy in Salt Lake City

Bruce David Longo, 39, stood 6 ft. 4 wore his dark hair in a long pigtail and maintained that he was in fact the Holy nicated by the Mormon Church, he began calling himself Immanuel David and became the leader of a religious cult consisting of about 20 friends, his Swedishborn wife Rachel and their seven children. Eighteen months ago, the family moved from Duchesne, Utah, to Salt Lake City, where they eventually settled in a \$95-a-day, three-room suite at the International Dunes Hotel. They kept to themselves, eating their meals-sometimes ordered from an expensive French restaurant-in their suite and paying their bills in cash. The source of the money was a mystery. The father once spoke vaguely to a hotel clerk of owning silver mines in Sweden. But a disciple had recently been convicted of wire fraud, and the FBI was investigating Longo on similar charges

Last week police found him dead of carbon monoxide poisoning in the cab of a pickup truck in Emigration Canyon, a few miles east of the city. Rachel took the news of his suicide calmly, telling officers that her husband was ready for life in the next world, and returned to the suite.

Two days later, at 7 a.m., she appeared on an eleventh-floor balcony of the hotel with the children: Elizabeth, 15, Rachel, 14, Joshua, 10, Deborah, 9, Joseph. 8, David, 6, and Rebecca, 5. The three older children clambered up a pile of folded chairs and leaned over the railing. Then Rachel began throwing the younger children over the rail, one by one. "No. stop!" shouted onlookers on the ground. But there was no response from the balcony. Said Bystander Pat Eyre: "One child grabbed on to the railing and fought a little bit, but she pulled him loose and threw him off. Then she put her foot on the rail, balanced for a moment and jumped." There was only one survivor: a daughter. not yet identified by authorities at week's end, who was hospitalized in critical condition with multiple fractures, internal injuries and probable brain damage The children, who a friend of the fam-

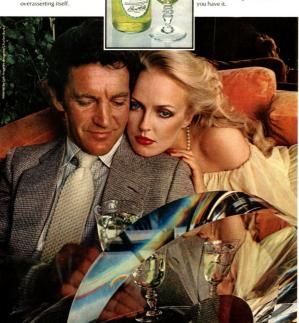
The Children's more a related of the meaning in described as "very polite, well dressed and bright," der handstig the faith in the children of the children of

The Rose's Gimlet. Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum without overasserting itself. To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever



Give your drinks every advantage.



Americana

Gusto in Grafton

There are people who buy and sell tattered Superman comics and old tele-phones, but the citizens of Grafton, Iowa (pop. 254), are learning that fortunes can be made out of empty beer cans. The town fathers celebrated Grafton's centennial last month by ordering up 48,000 cans of "Hundertjahriges Jubilaum Beer" (the town has a lot of German descendants) from a Minnesota brewer. They ordered another 12.000 empty cans as souvenirs The beer has done a brisk business at \$1 per can, but the empties, at the same price, have done even better, thanks to ads placed in two magazines published for beer-can collectors. The demand proved so great that a tiny black market sprang up, with empty beer cans changing hands at \$5 each. "There were lots of folks who just drove into town, bought a couple cans full of air and drove right back out," said Allen Kruger, chairman for Grafton's Centennial Celebration. Now that the empty cans are almost gone. Grafton is refusing to sell any more at all, hoping that the price will continue to rise. And what will the authorities do with their oddly earned profits? "Oh, we'll probably just fight over them like most people do," said Kruger.



O wicked wall!

George Patev is a public relations man whose reach exceeds his grasp, but within his grasp he has the entire wall against which Al Capone's gunmen shot down seven rival gangsters on St. Valentine's Day of 1929. Patey was in his native Vancouver one morning in 1967 when he heard on the radio that the famous wall on Chicago's North Clark Street was about to be demolished. He immediately got on the telephone and, for a price he keeps to himself, bought it. Says he: "They tore down the wall and shipped it to me wrapped like fine china." Patey's idea, actually, was to use the wall to create publicity for a Roaring Twenties restaurant he was representing, but the restaurant owner thought the whole idea was, well, perhaps a little too roaring, "So I just kept

it," Patey recalls. He reassembled the wall and showed it at a wax museum, with gunwielding gangsters shooting each other in front of it to the accompaniment of recorded bangs. The wax museum went bust. The wall made its last appearance at a Vancouver nightclub, and then Patey dismantled and stored the thing. Now, if any nostalgia enthusiast feels nostalgia for the wall where seven gangsters were shot. George Patev will accept any reasonable offer

Stamp Out Competition

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stay the P.H. Brennan Hand Delivery Service from its appointed rounds, but the U.S. Postal Service has finally succeeded in doing so. For more than two years, Patricia and Paul Brennan delivered first-class mail along with other papers and parcels in downtown Rochester, N.Y. For 10¢ a letter, they guaranteed same-day delivery and served close to 400 satisfied clients

The U.S. Postal Service, charging that the Brennans violated its statutory monopoly on first-class mail, filed suit last year to close them down. A federal judge ruled against them, and as appeals were heard, the Brennans operated on a day-today basis.

Last week, the Brennans were told that the federal court of appeals had denied a stay, and they sadly closed. Mrs. Brennan will make a final appeal to Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall. but a reversal seems unlikely. The last Postal Service competitor who tried to deliver first-class mail, in Pittsburg, Kans., was forced out of business in March, when the Supreme Court denied a rehearing.

Doll Lib

Now that Ken and Barbie Doll have married and raised the family and presumably divorced, history has moved on. What wears one earring, a flannel cowboy shirt, denim jeans, and comes packaged in a cardboard closet? Gav Bob. alleged to be the first gay doll on the market. His inventor, former Advertising Exec-



utive Harvey Rosenberg, claims that Gay Bob looks like "a cross between Paul Newman and Robert Redford," and he costs \$15. Rosenberg's invention is not for homosexuals alone, says an accompanying brochure: "Whether you are gay or straight, Gay Bob can help you come out of your closet." Rosenberg promises to produce a whole family of "permissive dolls," and those who don't take to Gay Bob will soon have an opportunity to amuse themselves with Straight Steve or Liberated Libby.

A Dam Nuisance

Five times in the last ten years, the Souris River has flooded its banks and sent many of the 35,000 citizens of Minot. N. Dak., scurrying to higher land. The U.S. Government has poured funds into various flood control measures, but to little avail; and now Congress is considering construction of a \$100 million dam that would flood some 30,000 acres of land upstream from the town

A little more than half of that land belongs to the U.S.: but the rest belongs to some 50 farmers who raise wheat, oats, barley and livestock there, and they don't want to move. So they have taken one acre of the threatened land. subdivided it into 4,840 parcels of about one square yard each, and

they have sold about 1,000, thus complicating to a fare-thee-well the paper work that the Government must perform to gain control of the land. At the very least, said antidam Farmer Lynn Martin, the tactic "will give us a war chest." But how long or how effectively it will obstruct the dam, he can only guess. Perhaps only until the next



TIME, AUGUST 14, 1978







U.S. Envoy Alfred Atherton Jr. with Israeli Premier

World

On the Verge of Stalemate

Another Vance mission, but the peace process is near breakdown

vrus Vance flew off to the Middle East again last week. This time, the ever cautious Secretary of State conceded that his chances of achieving anything substantial were almost nil. Reason: the peace process, so carefully nurtured by the U.S., is one step short of total breakdown. Last week Egyptian President Anwar Sadat informed State Department Troubleshooter Alfred Atherton Jr. that Egypt would not participate in any new talks until Israel agreed to return the occupied territories. Meeting Vance at the Tel Aviv Dayan sounded an encouraging note when he said: "In order to get a settlement, everyone, every party, has to make compromises and concessions.

Washington had been fully aware of Sadat's dismay at the outcome of the Foreign Ministers' meeting at Leeds Castle last month. Matters worsened when Premier Menachem Begin rejected Sadat's discreet suggestion that Israel might return Saint Catherine's monastery and El Arish, the capital of the Sinai, to Egypt as a token of good will. Begin seized on the proposal, which Sadat had never intended to be publicized, as an opportunity for public defiance. "Nobody can get anything for nothing," said Begin. Sadat, embarrassed, accused Begin of deliberately sabotaging the peace talks.

Until Sadat's flat veto on further talks. Vance had hoped to meet with Dayan and his Egyptian counterpart, Mohammed Ib- | dat's visit to Jerusalem last November. rahim Kamel, at the U.S. watch station in the Sinai and had even hoped that the Defense Ministers of both sides would attend. Sadat had insisted all along that there must be "new elements" from Israel before Egypt would participate in more talks. Washington expected that Dayan's hint at Leeds that Israel would be amenable to discussing "territorial compromise" in the West Bank would be sufficient. Instead, Sadat denounced the concept as fraudulent and negative. The Egyptian President's tough stand stunned the Carter Administration. "We are very disappointed," declared State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter. After talking over the situation with President Carter. Vance announced that he would go to Jerusalem and Alexandria anyway in hopes of achieving a "better understanding of where we stand."

High-level officials in Washington believe that there are a number of reasons why Sadat decided to dig in his heels. In addition to his deep personal antipathy toward Begin, Sadat has grown increasingly impatient over Israeli stalling and U.S. reluctance to put forth a plan of its own, which Cairo thinks would serve to pressure Israel into some concessions. The most important factor, however, is believed to be a new Saudi Arabian campaign for Arab unity, aimed at reconciling Sadat and Syrian President Hafez Assad, who broke with Egypt over Sa-

A few hours after Atherton left the Egyptian summer capital of Alexandria last week, Saudi Crown Prince Fahd arrived there for talks with Sadat. His aim was to persuade Sadat-and later Assad -to meet during the fast of Ramadan (which began last week) in Medina, a suitable holy place for a brotherly reunion. The plan calls for Jordan's King Hussein to join them there. Thus, by early September, when the Arab Foreign Ministers are scheduled to meet in Cairo, the groundwork would have been laid for an Arab summit to follow

he split among the confrontation states never sat very well with the Saudis, though they adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward Sadat's peace initiative. As hopes for progress diminished, the Saudis-who give financial support to both Egypt and Syria -decided that the time had come to press for unity. They reasoned that before the Arabs could hope for a stronger American participation in shaping a Middle East settlement, it was necessary for Syria and Egypt to present a united front. The political significance of a Sadat-Assad reconciliation would not be lost on Israel, and it would enable King Hussein to enter the talks to help solve the Palestinian question. A united Arab front, of course, also involves the potential for concerted economic pressure



Menachem Begin in Jerusalem

on the U.S. to pressure Israel in turn In an interview with TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis last week, Egyptian Foreign Minister Kamel insisted that Sadat's decision does not mean the collapse of his peace initiative. "[But] we do not feel that negotiations are an end in themselves," he said. "We think that negotiations should lead to something constructive and positive, and on this we might differ from the U.S. approach." Kamel added that he had mentioned to Atherton that "this approach of trying to find where the Israeli proposal of self-rule and the Egyptian proposal for the West Bank and Gaza have common grounds will lead to nothing. The philosophy and objectives of both proposals are totally contradictory and opposite. The Israeli proposal of selfrule is based on the continued Israeli occupation of the West Bank. Our proposal is based on [U.N. Security Council Resolution 242, and the starting point is withdrawal. I told them it is like saying that there is a resemblance between a cobra and a gazelle."

and the contract of the street were overjoyed by Washington's expressed "disappointment" with Sadat and what they perceived to be the onus being put on Egypt for secutting the peace talks. "The truth that Israel is not intransigent has begun to dawn," proclaimed Begin. But the Premier's obullineous was not shared by some other members of his Cabinet, notably Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, or by his top intelligence officials, who see Begin's handling of the negotiations as inept

and dangerous. Most observers believe that neither Egypt nor Syria is in any military position to mount a new war any time soon. But Washington does not allogether rule out that possibility or the likelihood of new Arab economic pressure. Thus Varice some common the state of the state of the some common that the state of the some common that some some the some some

Israel's Secret Contacts

Behind-the-scenes meetings set the stage for Sadat's initiative

he "spirit of Jerusalem" has disappeared; the peace initiative launched by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat when he made his historic trip to Jerusalem last November has all but failed. The tragedy

November has all but failed. The tragedy is that it very nearly succeeded. This is one conclusion that can be

drawn from a review of the secret diplomacy that took place immediately before Sadat's visit. From its birth in 1948, Israel had always maintained secret contacts with its Arab enemies, largely through Mossad, the intelligence service that operated as a sort of underground diplomatic corps for the Jewish state. TIME has learned that these contacts between Israel and a number of Arab states, notably Morocco, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, bolstered Sadat's confidence and set the stage for his peace initiative. The following narrative is based on TIME's reporting from several of the nations involved:

Perhaps the most crucial single event in the secret diplomacy of this period was the decision by the Israeli government in the 190 May 1971 to advise Egyst. Sudan and Sauda. The 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 distribution of the 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 analyst. The 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 country's radical leader, Colond Muanmar Gaddafi, were plotting to overthrow the moderate governments in Cairo, Khartoum and Ryada Aurige on the more proposed to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 to 1971 Khartoum and Ryada Aurige on the more remments quickly arrested a number of

the plotters. Sadat went further: he

launched heavy commando raids against

Libya on July 19, 1977, thereby setting off the brief border war in which a training camp at Oasis Giarabub near the Egyptian border was destroyed.

Egyptian forder was destroyed.

Egyptian forder was destroyed, apprecise to for Jerusal and manner of the July 14, he had declared that Egypt would not establish diplomatir celations with Jerusalem for at least five years after a peace treaty was signed. Two days later, after creaty was signed. Two days later, after the Isnedi information was correct, he for the Isnedi information was correct, be announced: "Egypt is ready to sign a peace treaty with Isned that will guarantee Isned her place in the area." It was a momentous change, perhaps the first a momentous change, perhaps the first is trip to Jerusalem four mounts later.

The Israelis responded to the Arabigratistical by sending newly appointed. Foreign Minister Monhe Dayan on a round of secret visits to Middle Eastern capitals. Premier Menachem Begin had dome to power a month earlier voltage that Israel would retain the West Bank and Gaza. Arab lands captured during the Six-Day War of 1967. Nonetheless, the fact that he had agreed to warm Sadat and the other moderate Arab leaders of impending danger gave them the feeling than the stature and the courtable period of the stature and the cour-

During the next four months, Dayan flew incognito to many Muslim countries. He met at least twice with Jordan's King Hussein and Egyptian officials and three times with King Hassan II of Morocco. He also met twice with the Shah of Iran,

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who had taken an active role in trying to encourage a Middle East settlement.

The center of this diplomatic activity was Morocco, which has had close but secret relations with Israel since 1962. In the summer of 1976, while Sadat was visiting Rabat, King Hassan invited Yitzhak Rabin, then the Israel Premier, to make a secret trip to Morocco. During thensuing visit, Hassan urged Rabin to negotiate directly with the Egyptians, and as the has well of the total results of the consistence of the property of the property of the contines and caution, was delighted. "Ther are many issues," he assured the King, "that can be solved in direct, face-to-face negotiations."

Rabin's optimism was bolstered by the fact that for about two years Washington had been arguing that Sadat would welcome some kind of rapprochement sources, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger told Israeli leaders: "Egypt's interests are in the West and not in the East. There is a lot of attraction for the Egyptians in the Libyan desert. There is oil, there is a lotted attraction for the Egyptians in the Libyan desert. There is oil, there is

At their summit meeting near Rabat, Hassan urged Rabin to begin by meeting quietly with the Saudis, who bankroll the Egyptian economy. With Rabin's approval, Hassan then proceeded to arrange a rendervous in Morocco between the Israeli Premier and Saudi Arabis London Henetial Crown Prince Fald, sintential Crown Prince Fald, sintential Crown Prince Fald, sincity was to take place, in early 1977, the Saudic sanceled it without explanation.

Although the Rabin-Fahd meeting was aborted, the Premier's mission to Morocco led directly to a series of sessions between top-level Egyptian and Israeli intelligence officials in Rabat. By the time the Israelis learned, through intelligence the Israelis learned, through intelligence ting against Sadat and the other moderate Arab leaders, Menachem Begin had become Israel's Premier. Begin ordered Israel Intelligence Chief Yitchak Hoffi

to fly to Morocco to deliver the information directly to his Egyptian counterpart, General Mohammed Shoukat.

It was against this background that Davan in late July set forth on his odyssey to Muslim capitals in search of a peace formula. Dayan assured his Arab hosts that the Begin government was prepared to make more "generous compromises" than previous Israeli governments. He specifically told the Egyptians and other leaders: "We are ready to transfer the airbase at Sharm el Sheikh to the U.N. and keep some civilian installations there for a limited period. We are ready to restore your sovereignty over all of Sinai and to put our settlements in the Rafah area under your flag. We suggest small Israeli civilian settlements [in Sinail instead of army installations. The buffer zone between the two armies in Sinai should be enlarged so that there will be no chance

Dayan also offered significant concessions on the West Bank and Gaza. Israel would agree to a declaration of principles involving the future of these occupied territories and the 1.1 million Palestinians living there. He said that Israel would agree not to annex those areas, not to establish any more settlements there once a joint declaration had been achieved, and to maintain only enough military force there for its own security. He added that the Begin government would be prepared to accept a West Bank administration composed of Israeli and Jordanian representatives and local Palestinians

of a future confrontation.

Coming as they did on the heels of Israel's much appreciated intelligence tip to Egypt, Dayan's proposals may well have persuaded Sadat that a dramatic trip to Jerusalem could bring a quick end to the 30-year Middle East impasse.

Alas, this did not come to pass. What went wrong? Dayan apparently promised more than the Begin government was willing or able to deliver. Even though he acted in good faith, the Foreign Minister may have misinterpreted Begin's in-

tentions or miscalculated the new Premier's flexibility. Beyond that, it now seems clear that, when they finally met, Begin and Sadat neither liked nor understood each other. Right from the beginning the misunderstandings were apparent. Sadat, for example, said in Jerusalem that the last Israeli settlement in the Sinai should determine the Israeli border of the buffer zone. The Begin government interpreted this, or chose to interpret it, as a green light to expand the Sinai settlements before a peace agreement had been concluded. When the Israelis began leveling land for enlarging the settlements last January, Sadat became furious at what he considered bad faith on Begin's part. The Israeli Premier, in turn, was angry at what he took to be Egyptian duplicity in demanding a reduction of the buffer zone. Some of the confusion could perhaps have been cleared up by a careful rereading of the transcript of the private talks between Sadat and Begin in Jerusalem. Unfortunately, no record was kept of those meetings.

Other grievances quickly developed. The Israelis were angered by Sadar's invitation to the Palestine Liberation Organization to attend the Cairo peace talks in December. The Egyptians were enraged when the Israelis, after declaring that they would recognize Egyptian sovereignty over all the Sinai, later insisted that the airbases and Jewish settlements there must remain under Israelis control.

By mid-January, when an impatient Sadat abruptly broke off the political talks in Jerusalem, the promise of a sudden peace was dispelled. Gone too, so far as anyone knows, were the secret negotiations that had contributed so much to the only serious peace initiative between Arabs and Israelis in a long time.



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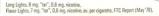
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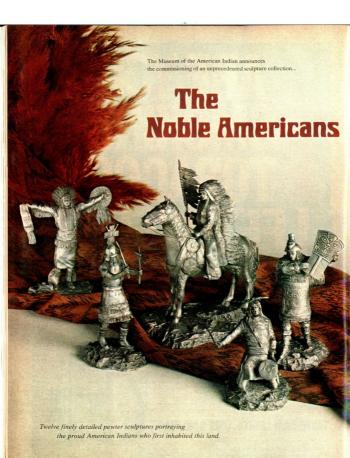
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BE CHOOSEY

World

The New Blood Feud: Arab vs. Arab

A deadly struggle ranges from Paris to Pakistan

to lead, but there's blood all over the place.

S o said one bewildered State Depart-ment diplomat last week, commenting on an unprecedented and frightening display of Palestinian terrorism-directed not against the Israelis but against brother Arabs. The blood feud involved a longrunning quarrel between Palestinians loval to Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat and Iraqibacked "rejectionists," who believed that the P.L.O. leader was soft on Israel.

Within a seven-day period, reactivated P.L.O. hit teams launched assaults that left four people dead and eleven more wounded in a number of cities. In return, Palestinian enemies of Arafat attacked the P.L.O. office in Paris, killing Arafat's principal deputy on the Continent and his assistant. At week's end there were no signs that the bloodletting was overand no clear answer as to what effect it would have on the Middle East peacemaking process

Highlights of the sev-

en-day battle: ▶ In London, Palestinians tossed a hand grenade beneath the limousine of Iraqi Ambassador Taha Ahmed Daoud outside his embassy in Kensington. Daoud, luckily, was inside A war with goal:

the embassy, bidding his staff farewell before leaving for reassignment in Saudi Arabia. London police arrested two Palestinian grenade tossers, a

man and a woman ▶ In Paris, two gunmen who had stuffed grenades and guns beneath their raincoats bluffed their way into the Iraqi embassy. They whipped out the weapons, but one of the two, after tossing a grenade, unaccountably dashed away and disappeared. His companion took nine employees hostage and held them for eight hours Once again the gunmen's target escaped: Iraqi Ambassador Mundir Tawfik Wandawi was at the Elysée Palace bidding French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing farewell before he too departed for a new assignment. After an eight-hour vigil, the Palestinian was persuaded to release his hostages and surrender. As he was being led away from the embassy by police, an Iraqi security agent opened pointblank pistol fire at him. The Palestinian was hit in the thigh, and one of his

"We don't know quite where it's going | French escorts was killed. In the return fire, an Iraqi security man was fatally wounded. Three Iragis were arrested.

▶ In Beirut, a Palestinian Jeep carrying a .50-cal machine gun sprayed the Iraqi embassy. No one was hurt, but in north-

ern Lebanon, Palestinian factions battled in a running fight that by week's end had taken a reported 37 lives. ▶ In Karachi, two armed men rode up to

the Iraqi consulate general aboard a motorcycle. One of the two was bayoneted by a Pakistani policeman. The other, captured after a brief shootout, confessed that

Guns are drawn during shootout scene at Iraqi embassy in Paris 'If someone pulls out your eye, pull out both his eyes.

he had been sent from Beirut to murder Consul General Naji Zain Din and had picked up his weapon and instructions from Palestinians in Pakistan.

▶ In Paris, pro-Iraqi Palestinians struck while Arafat was in Havana attending a Cuban-sponsored world youth festival. Storming Arab League headquarters on Boulevard Haussmann, two gunmen shot their way into the offices of the P.L.O. One of them killed Ezzedin Kalak, 40, a close friend of Arafat's, as well as Kalak's assistant, Hammad Adnan

▶ In Islamabad, finally, two pro-Iraqi gunmen launched an attack on the local P.L.O. office that killed three Palestinians and a Pakistani policeman.

To observers of the Arab world, it was no great surprise that Iraqi diplomatic missions figured so centrally in the bloody raids. Iraq's fanatic Baathist government rejects any negotiations whatsoever with Israel. Baghdad was annoyed when the P.L.O. in May decided to suspend its Lebanon-based military operations against Israel.* In response, the Iraqis shut down P.L.O. weapons factories in the country and reportedly intercepted shipments of arms and medicines from China intended for Arafat's troops.

Iraq has also become a sanctuary for Palestinian rejectionists who believe that Arafat's stance toward Israel is too moderate. The principal fedayeen rebel is Sabry Khalil Bana, 40, whose code name Abu Nidal means Father of the Struggle; he heads a dissident Palestinian group known as Black June, after the month in 1976 when Syrian forces invaded Lebanon and fought the Palestinians. Abu Nidal, whose terrorist credentials include a 1973 attack on a Pan Am jet at Rome's Fiumicino Airport in which 34 people died, is under a P.L.O. death sentence for

" disobeying orders. Last week's series of attacks suggested that the P.L.O. intends to wipe out Abu Nidal and strike back at the Iraqi regime that supports him. "If someone pulls out your eye, pull out both his eyes," said Arafat in authorizing the hit teams. "This is the only language these people will understand."

Britain and France took somewhat different approaches to the terrorism that afflicted their cities. After investigating two earlier killings-the murder of former Iraqi Premier Abdel Razak Navef last month and the shooting of P.L.O. Representative Said Hammami in January-British au-

thorities decided that Iraqi agents were deeply involved, and that Baghdad was using its embassy

and airline to import weapons and killers. The Foreign Office as a result ordered home seven Iraqi diplomats and four other nationals. In retaliation, eight British diplomats and two other nationals were

banished from Baghdad.

The French response was more muted. Iraq is now the largest supplier of French oil after Saudi Arabia, French sales to Baghdad surpass \$400 million a year, including a recent contract for 36 Mirage F-1 jets. On the ground that the three Iraqi guards who shot at the Palestinian kidnaper were diplomats, and thus immune from prosecution under the 1961 Vienna Convention, President Giscard merely ordered them home on the first available plane.

*Not every fedayeen unit followed suit. Last week the leftist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine claimed responsibility for a bomb that exploded in a Tel Aviv marketplace, killing one and wound-ing 49. In retaliation, Israeli jets bombed Palestinian camps in Lebanon, causing heavy casus

A Right Start That Could Go Wrong

Diplomacy and patience will still be needed



SWAPO Leader Sam Nujoma at the U.N.

t was widely hailed as a victory for patient U.S. diplomacy. After years of hostility, both South Africa and the militant South West African People's Organization (SWAPO) agreed to let the United Nations oversee the transition to independence of Namibia (South West Africa). But as events unfolded in the Venezuelasized, mineral-rich territory last week, it became clear that much more patience and diplomacy will be needed before

South Africa relinquishes control over the land it has ruled since 1919 under an international mandate that the U.N. revoked in 1966. As a U.S. official warned last week: "Things could always go wrong

The U.N. effort is most likely to founder over the future of Walvis Bay, Namibia's principal port (see box). Pretoria wants to trade the harbor for a cooperative attitude from the new Namibian regime after it takes power. SWAPO insists that Walvis Bay, through which 90% of the territory's international trade passes, must become part of

Namibia now

The transition plan could also go astray simply because of the deep distrust the South Africans have for the U.N. Last week the organization's newly appointed special representative, Martti Ahtisaari, arrived in the territorial capital of Windhoek with the first contingent of a U.N. supervisory force that may eventually grow to 5,000 troops and 1.000 civilians. Ahtisaari, a former Finnish Ambassador to Tanzania, will meet with stonewalling cynicism from whites, who fully expect him to favor the guerrillas in any disagreement. One such skeptic is Brian O'Linn, secretary-general of the Namibia National Front, a newly formed multiracial attempt to steer between SWAPO and its major opponent, the South African-backed Democratic Turnhalle Alliance Says O'Linn, "the deen suspi cion South Africans have about the U.N. can only be alleviated. I doubt if it will ever be resolved."

Ahtisaari faces more than psychological roadblocks. By the end of August he is supposed to submit to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim a plan for a truce between the guerrillas and South African troops, as well as a blueprint for the election of a constituent assembly that will draft a constitution for independent Namibia. Pretoria has warned that it may reject any recommendation Ahtisaari



Walvis Bay: Odd Enclave

one thing about all this controversy. It's made a lot of people start to think a lot more seriously about us." So says J.J.J. Wilken, the town clerk and unofficial historian of the 374-sq.-mi. territory of Walvis Bay. Until international attention focused on independence for Namibia, few people had much reason to think at all about this spectacular but isolated deep-water port on the continent's barren southwestern coastline. Apart from the harbor and its railroad connections, Walvis Bay has little to recommend it even to its inhabitants: 10,000 whites of mixed British, Dutch and German descent, 4,000 "coloreds," and 11,000 blacks, most of them migrant workers from other parts of South West Africa

Discovered by Portuguese seafarers in the 15th century, Walvis Bay was used as a staging base by 18th century New England whaling men (Walvis means whale in Afrikaans). The area was settled by British pioneers from Cape Town in 1843 and subsequently annexed by Britain; since 1910 it has been governed by South Africa. The community that developed after rail lines were laid in 1915 occupies a narrow space, hemmed in by the gray-flecked ocean and the vast Namib desert.

Less than an inch of rain falls annually, which explains why houses are built without gutters or rainspouts. But damp overcast mornings with mist are frequent, and sulphur fumes occasionally erupt from the nearby ocean bed. Taking advantage of the omnipresent sand, Walvis Baymen have built an 18-hole golf course with predictably spectacular bunkers. Perhaps the world's only drive-in movie atop a sand dune is a popular spot. Favorite sports include dune-buggy races and sand skiing at speeds of 40 m.p.h. down the precipitous 600-ft. dunes. The principal hazards for golfers, moviegoers, racers and skiers alike appear to be meandering flamingos and gulls Walvis Bay residents wish the desert could provide

them with a living as well. Says Paul Vincent, editor of the local Namib Times: "Think how rich we could be if we could get into the business of exporting sand." As it is, the town's principal source of revenue, fishing, is slowly dying. Production of processed pilchard at Walvis Bay canneries has slumped from 1.5 million tons ten years ago to 45,000 tons now, either because of overfishing or ecological changes in the South Atlantic.

Envisioning its enclave as a potential Hong Kong of Africa, Walvis Bay's town council has repeatedly petitioned the South African government to make the territory a free port. But Pretoria is more concerned with the area's strategic importance. Walvis Bay is the only deepwater port on the 1,000-mile Namibian coast. As a consequence, the worst South African fear is that a SWAPOdominated government in Windhoek might allow the Soviets to set up a naval base there.

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World

comes up with. Meanwhile both sides have adopted a "you first" attitude that will make a cease-fire difficult to achieve. As guerrillas under his command blew up a vital water line in northern Namibia, SWAPO Leadre Sam Nujoma declared that "prospects for free, fair and democratic elections are increasingly doubtful, if not untenable." Until South Africa confines is 10,000 or so Namibian troops to their bases, said Nujoma, he will not order his bases, said Nujoma, with the said Nujoma consideration of the said Nujoma, with the said Nujoma confinement or withdrawal until a cease-fire had been arranged.

Under the peace plan, both the South Africans and SWAPO would have to release all their Namibian political prisoners. South Africa has been holding about 400 nationalists in its jails, and some 700 SWAPO dissidents, held by Tanzania and Zambia as a favor to Nujoma, have recently been set free. In both groups, there are men who pose serious threats to the inarticulate and unpredictable Nuioma, 49, who has failed to excite either Western or African leaders. Among them: Andreas Shipanga, a former SWAPO information officer released from a Tanzanian prison, who formed the SWAPO Democrats in opposition to Nuioma last month, and Herman Toivo Ya Toivo, one of SWAPO's founders, who has been in the South African maximum security prison on Robben Island for the past ten years. Toivo, popular with the Ovambo tribesmen who constitute the bulk of SWAPO membership; is no friend of Nujoma's. "His big problem is that he is no longer a major force within the counsays Shipanga. "He has been too long on the outside and too reluctant to go back except at the end of a gun. He's afraid now of fighting an election because he knows he will lose.

That pessimistic appraisal of Nujoma's prospects is shared by some U.S. diplomats, who believe that fast-moving developments have "outstripped" the guerrilla leader's capacity to deal with them. Indeed, virtually every Namibian political group is now so ridden with factions that, in the words of a U.S. official, "you'd have to be a fool to predict the outcome" of any future electron.

Nevertheless, an air of cautious optimism prevailed in Washington last week. Buoyed by the recent agreement between Zaïre and Angola to re-establish formal relations and cease their border fighting, U.S. officials are still hoping that a peaceful solution in Namibia could have some direct influence in pointing the way to a resolution of the Rhodesian crisis. "The situation is just about as good as could be expected," a State Department specialist remarked last week. "In fact, we've made more progress than we thought possible 15 months ago." Those who favor an end to the strife in Namibia were hoping that progress would continue.

CUBA

Fidel's Youth Jamboree

Flogging the CIA at a socialist show trial

The Creeh girls sported distinctive redand-while jumpers: the Poles, whose national colors the Czechs had approprition of the Czechs had appropriate the three was color (and congestion appens). There was color young leftiss from 140 countries, attended by 1,500 journalists and 13,000 other death of the Czechs had been supported to the or the eleventh Worlf Festival of Youth and Students. The eight-day, \$60 million propaganda orgy is socialism is declogical equivalent of a global Scout jambores. In the Czechs had been supported to the Czechs had been supported first time in the Western Hemisphere. Cu-



Cuban President Fidel Castro
Hot air and narcolepsy.

ban President Fidel Castro used the occasion to denounce, once more, the multifarjous evils of U.S. "imperialism."

Castro had spent two years planning the event, one of the few socialitis spectaculars that offer the younger generation state of the special s

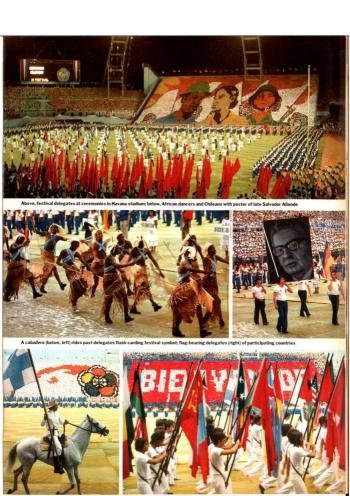
As Angolans, Russians, Mexicans, Britons, Vietnamese and even a 400-member U.S. delegation trooped into Havana for singing, dancing, stadium pageantry, rap sessions and some frolicking on Cuba's beaches, they faced an addi-

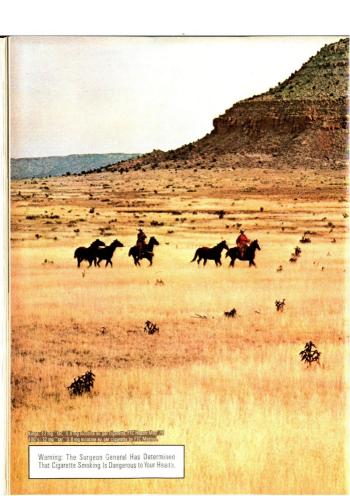
tional event: the Youth Accuses Imperialism International Tribunal A panel of eight "judges," headed by Uruguayan Physician Hugo Villar, heard scores of witnesses reel off accusations-some old. some true, many distorted or false -against the CIA. One star witness was Philip Agee, a former CIA agent now turned professional anti-agency muckraker. Other witnesses related details of a 1962 CIA poisoning scheme (during a time. admittedly, when the agency was indeed plotting to assassinate Castro), and of anti-Castro execution plots fomented as recently as 1976 in Mexico City. (The CIA calls the allegations of a Mexico City plot "absolutely untrue.") The main impact of these exposés on spectators was widespread narcolepsy; they were occasionally awakened by brisk applause from the army of Communist and Third World reporters covering the pseudo event.

A times, socialist solidarity wore a little thin. Castro himself delivered an early tongue-lashing of the Communist Chinese, who had boycotted the festival. He castigated Peking for "insane political conduct," "repugnant betrayal of the cause of internationalism," and "perfidience, but the conduct of the conduct of the conduct of the cause of internationalism," and "perfidience, but the cause of internationalism," and "perfidience, the cause of internationalism," and "perfidience, the cause of the cause of

Other issues also threatened the mood of solidarity. Some British delegates wanted to question the 1,000 Russians attending the festival about Soviet human rights infringements; rather than cause an embarrassing fitss, they refrained. West German delegates split on the issue of how to deal with East Germany's imprisonment of Author Rudolf Behro.

Apart from the hot air, both political and real (Havana broiled under daily 90° F. temperatures), festival delegates seemed to get what they most wanted: some sightseeing and some fun. Reported TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury from the Cuban capital: "Flags and Christmas lights adorned the streets, and at night the broad Malecón, Havana's ocean-front drive, was festive with dancing. There were cultural and sporting events scheduled at almost every hour, from aquatic festivals to theatrical exhibitions to a Soviet-Cuban boxing match (the Cubans won). Restaurants were so crowded that they occasionally ran out of food, and there were a few other problems. Some members of the U.S. delegation, for example, naively assumed that Cuban restaurateurs accepted credit cards and traveler's checks. Not so; the American visitors were told to keep their capitalistic devices to themselves, that in Communist Cuba the policy was cash only."





Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

SOVIET LINION

Just an Ordinary Couple

A Siberian honeymoon for Christina and Sergei

Seeking to learn more about her new husband's country. Christina Onassis recently asked a friend: "Who is Dostoyevsky? One wonders what the great Russian novelist, a master of morbid psychology, would have made of last week's strange marriage in Moscow. Would he have found a chapter in The Possessed for impulsive, dark-eyed Christina, 27, the twice-divorced, jet-setting daughter of the late shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis? Would another Karamazov brother have emerged from his reflections on her spouse, Sergei Kauzov, 37, a former sales representative of Sergei and Christina exchange w



were from the bride's family. Like other members of the tight-knit international shipping community, they are uncertain what impact the marriage will have on the \$500 million Onassis fleet, in which

Christina has a 48% interest. (The rest is held by the Monte Carlobased Alexander Onassis Foundation, which is run by a troika of Ari's cronies.) About 90% of the fleet's tanker business involves the transportation of Saudi Arabian oil. The anti-Communist Saudis may be reluctant to renew their charters in the future and would have no difficulty in finding replacements for the Onassis fleet. Family sources discount ru-

mors that the Greek government will nationalize the Onassis holdings to forestall a Soviet take-over. but they are nonetheless worried about what the Russians might do. "They are sure that one day the



The happy couple, flanked by a Greek diplomat a y at Moscow we

the Soviet ship-chartering agency Soyfracht?

Conceivably, Dostoyevsky might have been intrigued by the circumstances of the wedding itself, which, as Greek newspapers reported with some acidity, was "short, simple and cheap." It cost \$2.15. The couple pulled up to a Moscow "wedding palace" in a battered, lemon-yellow Chevy Nova lent by a Greek diplomat. As a piano and string quartet played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, they entered a dark-paneled chamber. The bride and groom promised Klara Remeshserve their love for all their lives be faithful and loval and stand together

in love and sorrow With Remeshkova's admonition to Sergei ("Wherever you go, do not forget your homeland,") ringing in their ears, the newlyweds made their way down a red carpet, accompanied by the recorded sounds of church bells, to their honeymoon car, a cream-colored Volga sedan. Christina, who was wearing a violet print



kova, the equivalent of a justice Mr. and Mrs. Kauzov, all smiles, head for the honeym of the peace, that they would pre- A promise to stand together in love and sorrow

dress, nearly stumbled before getting into the Volga, which Sergei had trouble starting. Finally the couple managed to pull away to face their incongruous future. A throng of Western newsmen and

Soviet reporters (who have yet to report the big event in Moscow's Russian-language papers) looked on as the newlyweds departed. The wedding itself was attended by only eleven guests, none of whom

romance will be over, and what then?" says a family friend. "Will the Soviets brainwash Christina or somehow confiscate her property? They are afraid the Soviets will

swallow her up. The newlyweds gave no sign that they were troubled by the speculation. After a couple of quiet days in the Moscow Intourist hotel, they prepared to depart for a Siberian honeymoon at Lake Baikal and the town of Magadan. the site of several Stalin-era prison camps. Afterward, the couple will share a 21/2-room flat with Sergei's mother until they buy an apartment of their own. Christina says that she will assume the qui-

et life of a Russian housewife and start a family. "I don't know why reporters want to find out something spectacular about Christina and me," says Sergei, who earns \$120 weekly tutoring pupils in English. "We are just ordinary people." Perhaps so. But it remains to be seen how long Christina, who longs for some peace and quiet, will be able to stand all the peace and quiet she is likely to get during the long, cold Moscow winter.

World

BRITAIN

The Undeclared Campaign

Neck-and-neck jockeying for an autumn election

The posters that sprang up across Britain last week showed long lines at an unemployment office and carried a stingen message. LADOUR INSTY WORKING. The posters drew howls from ruling Labor Party benches in the flouse of Commons—thereby letting the opposition near the common of the proposition of

The five-year Labor government madate does not run out until October 1979, but as Parliament adjourned last week, the campaign lines were clearly drawn. Both of Britain's major parties* expect the election to be fought primarily over economic issues.

The signboard assault made clear that Tory Leader Margaret Thatcher intends to make much of Britain's unemployment rate, now at 5.6% and rising. The Tories are heavily banking on polls showing that Britons, for the first time in a decade, appear to be more worried about joblessness than inflation. To be sure, the Conservatives will also hit hard on the theme that consumer prices have doubled after four years of Labor government. Meanwhile, the prim Mrs. Thatcher will keep up the brisk ideological tone she has given to Conservative policy since she took over as leader in 1975. Says she: "This will be a water-shed election. The basic issue is liberty vs. collectivism.

Laborites will answer that Britain is returning to better economic times-and ask whether it will continue to do so under Tory rule. Thanks in large part to North Sea oil, and despite the unemployment problem. Britain has steadily climbed out of its economic morass of three years ago. Prime Minister Callaghan feels his government deserves the credit. One of his last acts before Parliament recessed was to secure endorsement of a 5% suggested national limit on wage increases. Previous Labor-inspired wage guidelines have been instrumental in reducing Britain's inflation rate to 7.5%, from the 26% of 1975.

A though some venturesome bookies are the Conservatives as 6-to-4 factorites, most opinion polls show the two parties running virtually neck and neck, this is a triumple of sorts for Labor, which two years ago was trailing by 22 polhor, which two years ago was trailing by 22 polhor, which two years ago was trailing by 22 polhor, who was a key destinated by the control of the government, however, is the future electroal fate of the factoring Liberal Parky, whose I 3 M.P.s protecting Liberal Parky, whose I 3 M.P.s pro-

*Current standings in the House: Labor, 305 seats; Conservatives, 284; Liberals, 13; Scottish Nationalists, 11; others, 22. vided the margin of victory for Labor on numerous key votes in the 635-seat Commons. Last week the Liberals were chall a staggering blow outside Parliament fore following story), which even bleaker. If the Liberals loes more ground, most of their disaffected supporters are expected to back the Conservatives. Says one Labor M.P.: "The Tories have only to hold their own vote and pick up two out of five Liberal votes. So close is the election mee that, in a So close is the election mee that, in a

departure from tradition, the personalities of the competing leaders will make a significant difference. With his avuncular "Sunny Jim" image, Callaghan still ranks six points ahead of Thatcher in the popularity polls, although lately she has impressively narrowed the san.

In head-to-head parliamentary debates, some of which are now nationally broadcast on BBC radio, the Prime Minister has consistently outpointed his Tory challenger. As if in recognition of a tough election fight ahead, Callaghan has begun to launch a few harpoons at his real. Borrowing from Dryden's Absaicon Toul. Borrowing from Dryden's Absaicon Winister has scoffed at Thatcher in the Commons as "Sulfi in opinions, always



Callaghan plucking at Indian sitar

Harpoons from an avuncular favorite.



Thatcher holding half of a pound note

Howls from Labor benches in Commons.

in the wrong.' Was every thing by starts, and nothing long." Thatcher, who can indeed be starchy at times, gave an uninspired response to that pointed sally, in which she dismissed as 'a little optimistic' any hopes of hearing 'an intellectual argument' from Callaghan. Tory backbenchers listened in uncomfortable silence.

Dark Episode

Jeremy Thorpe is charged with conspiracy to murder

ooking pale and drawn, the former leader of Britain's Liberal Party was driven last week to the police station in the small Somerset town of Minehead. A court clerk asked whether his name was John Jeremy Thorpe. The answer was an all but inaudible "It is." Following a hearing that lasted a scant 21 minutes, the slight, dapper Thorpe, 49, was released on \$10,000 bail after being formally charged with conspiracy to murder. The alleged target: Norman Scott, 37, a downand-out male model who 21/4 years ago publicly claimed that he and Thorpe had had a homosexual relationship. The stunning legal action presented Britons with their greatest political scandal since the Profumo sex-and-national-security exposé of 1963

Thorpe had denied Scott's original homosexuality charge, but he shortly resigned as head of the Liberal Party, although he continued to serve as M.P. for North Devon. However, Scott also complained of a death threat, and police started a further investigation.

Charged with Thorpe last week were David Holmes, 46, a Manchester financial consultant and former deputy treasurer of the Liberals, and George Deakin, 35, and John Le Mesurier, 44, both business associates of Holmes', All four

World

Former Liberal Leader Jeremy Thorpe

A dog was shot, and a model threatened.

had been under investigation since Oxtober 1977, following the public confession by a former atritine pilot, Andrew Newton, 33, hat he had been offered roughly \$10,000 by a nameless "prominent Liberal" and friend of Thorpe's to murder Scott and thus silence the claims of homosexual laison. Newton had been sentenced to two years in prison after shooting Scott's dog and threatning the

indigent model. At the time of his trial, Newton maintained that Scott had been blackmailing him. After his release from prison in July 1977, however, Newton claimed that his run-in with Scott was actually the result of a "contract" to murder the man. The only reason that Scott was not dead, said Newton, was that "I couldn't go through with it." Although Newton's confession was considered suspect by many, it was enough to set the police digging further in the direction of Thorpe's chum, David Holmes, who had admitted to paying Norman Scott \$7,000 in hush money before Britain's February 1974 general elections, allegedly "without the knowledge" of Thorpe

Questioned by reporters at the time of Newton's revelation. Thorpe flatly denied any involvement in a murder can only add to the political and emotional demolition of a nonce ebullient man who, just four years ago, was one of the fastest rising stars on the British electronic properties of the prope

Poisoned Suburb

Two years after, the core of Seveso is dead

The streets today are still sealed behind a high fence of yellow plastic panels, like a Berlin Wall of environmental quarantine. Every 20 feet a posted sign warms. Some of the telephone lines leading to the stuttered houses lie slack in lush summer growths of hydrangea that bloom untended. But no matter, because the phones never ring any more. Two years after the disaster known as "Italy's Historica Arthur Community, and no one knows when-ever—till will become habitable sequi-

A parliamentary investigating committee has issued a damning report on Italy's worst ecological disaster. On July 10. Increase themical plant discharged a thick white cloud of dioxin, one of the deadliest known poisons, over some 4,000 acres of the small industrial suburb 13 milest howers of the small industrial suburb 13 milest homes and gardens in the following days, thousands of pets died, crops were infected and hundreds of people developed nausea, blurred vision and, especially among disease known as chloracre.

oday, according to the report, a fivemile wedge of Seveso has been successfully detoxified, at a cost of \$32 million, by government teams that cleared and buried entire acres of plants and even topsoil. Most of the 736 residents who were originally evacuated have been able to return to their homes, but 285 are still locked out of a 215-acre area enclosed by the yellow fence. That inner bulls-eye remains blighted by concentrated "leopard spots" of contamination and continues to defy all attempts at purification. "It may be a wasteland forever-we just don't know what to do," admits a committee member. Even total incineration of the entire area has been rejected for eradicating a poison 1,000 times more toxic than strychnine.

The committee report spares almost no one who was involved in the disaster. The operation of the plant, owned by the Swiss firm Givaudan of the Hoffmann-La Roche chemical and pharmaceutical group, was unsafe to begin with. Company officials waited 27 hours after the achieves the control of the danger. Even then, city and provincial administrators were slow to respond. In separate judicial actions, in fact, ten local officials face possible charges of dereliction of duty.

Miraculously, the contamination has caused no known human death thus far. All but two of the 187 children initially stricken with chloracne have recovered, and delayed-action cases that continue to occur have been responding to medication. Fear of other aftereffects, however, has infected the people psychologically. Medical researchers are concerned that the dioxin could have serious future effects on the livers of those exposed to it. Soon after the explosion, 33 pregnant women underwent therapeutic abortions for fear of malformed births. Since then the birth rate in Seveso has dropped sharply. Building Contractor Ugo Basilico. 41. father of a six-year-old son, explains the sad reason why: "I thought it was about time we had another child, but the doctor says better wait a while. If you have a baby with some defect, the baby is there for life."

Refugees from the forbidden zone have been relocated in temporary accommodations near by, compensated for lost property and produce, and promised new houses equal to those they abandoned. The process has already cost Givaudan \$11 million. Even so, says Housewife Caterina Rivolta, \$4, "12 give anything to the control of the process have already and a sweet produce of the process to buy our home. Nothing will ever replace it.

The main lesson of Seveso is that by their very freakishness, modern technological accidents raise clouds of mystery and uncertainty that last long after the initial misery. As Basilico says, weighing the future of his town and the future health of his son: "Even the professors don't know. They forecast. They warn. They show concern, But they don't know."



A road sign warns passing motorists

Phones that never ring any more.



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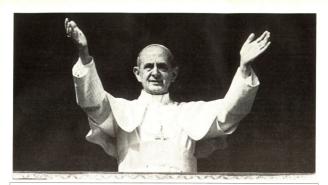
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Religion

A Lonely Apostle Named Paul

As Pope he inherited a revolution, then wrestled with it in spiritual anguish

icar of Jesus Christ, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Chruch, Patriarch of the West, Bishop of Rome and Servant of the Servants of God—these are among the many titles that impose unique burdens on the Pope, the anointed spiritual leader of 683 million Roman Catholics, the world's largest body of Christians. Few of the 26sponsibility more tirelessly than Giovanni Battista Montini, Pope Paul VI, Sunday inght, after suffering a heart attack while hearing Mass in bed at Castel Gandolfo, Paul, 80, died, Juying down the burden.

He had assumed the papal tara in 1963, in the misk of the Second Vatican Council, that theater for the most product process of change that the church had experienced in centuries. At the time, Cardinal Monthin seemed just the man to steer the church through the turbulence that confirmed it, Idealistic and sensitive, at thoughtful scholar and a connoiseur of the through, the had a reputation for being heading the control of the council with an acute knowledge of the inner workings of the church's machinery.

But the shy, intense new Pope labored in the shadow of his jovial, grandfatherly predecessor, Pope John XXIII. It was John's revolution that he inherited, with John's open, hopeful stamp of approval upon it. In the years that followed, the movement that John called aggiornamento, or modernization, became part of a revolution larger than John had foreseen—a tumultuous moral and social upheaval around the world. Both inside and outside the church, old values were questioned, traditional authority challenged.

Paul became a study in anguish -wanting reform but fearing the consequences of too much too fast, trying to please progressives while placating conservatives. He said ves to more changes than any Pope since the 16th century Council of Trent: a thoroughgoing revision of liturgy, a streamlining of the Curia, an unprecedented rapprochement with other faiths. But his no could be emphatic and crucial: no to any genuine sharing of power with his fellow bishops, no to married priests, no to the ordination of women, and no-a still-reverberating no -to artificial birth control. The late Jesuit theologian John Courtney Murray accurately predicted the tone of Paul's pontificate in the early years of his reign 'From a cerebral point of view," said Murray in 1965, "he is a convinced progressive. But when he starts to reflect on the duties of his office he begins to get qualms. If cracks in the ice begin to appear, he fears, who knows where they will

Giovanni Battista Montini was born in 1897 in the country village of Concesio, near Brescia, in northern Italy. His father, Giorgio Montini, was a newspaper editor and an early champion of the Popular Party (a forerunner of the Christian Democrats) who served three terms in the Chamber of Deputies. Young Giambattista, second of Giorgio's three sons, was so frail and sickly that he had to get much of his education-including some of his seminary training-at home. But he learned quickly: in 1920, not yet 23, he was ordained a priest in Brescia Cathedral. Dispatched to Rome for graduate work, he became a minutante-document writer in the Vatican's Secretariat of State. He also served as a chaplain to students at the University of Rome, among whom he fought the tide of Mussolini's Fascism, and his work with them won him the title of monsignor in 1925.

hile the young Montini studied the works of Catholic liberals, he also listened to one of the church's last great autocrats —his superior in the Secretariat of State, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli. In 1939 Pacel-li became Pope Pius XII. Monsignor Monin, as a Substitute Secretary of State, was soon embroiled in the delicate Vatican maneuvering between the enemy forces

of World War II. It was Montini, evidence suggests, who coined the famous phrase that Pope Pius uttered on the eve of that conflict: "Nothing is lost by peace; every-

thing may be lost by war.

After the war the relationship between the two men became strained. Pius again promoted Montini in 1952, making him a Pro-Secretary of State,* but the Pope and his protégé were drifting apart politically. Pius was so hostile to Communism that he sometimes trembled when he spoke of it; Montini, on the other hand, was sensitive to the social and economic distress of postwar Italy and elsewhere, and more understanding of those who were driven to radical solutions. When Pius named Montini Archbishop of Milan in 1954 but failed to give him the Cardinal's red hat that normally went with the see, some Vatican insiders viewed the promotion as an exile.

The new archbishop nevertheless moved into Italy's economic capital with the eagerness of a new priest assigned to his first parish. To combat the influence of the Communists, he said Mass in factories, mines, jails and workers' homes. He commissioned priests to conduct streetcorner crusades. He built scores of new churches in the working-class suburbs that ring the city. Pope John XXIII named Montini a Cardinal in 1958, and Montini reportedly had a hand in John's keynote address at the opening of the Second Vatican Council, which encouraged the church "ever to look to the present, to new conditions and new forms of life.

ope John had written in his diary that he wanted Montini to be his successor. When John died in 1963, the College of Cardinals agreed. They elected him on the fifth ballot. The day after his election, Paul announced on television that the Vatican Council would continue, and he guided it through three more sessions. His interventions were rare but usually decisive. During the fourth session, in 1965, when the critical document on religious liberty seemed threatened by a filibuster of conservative prelates, Paul forced a vote. The declaration passed overwhelmingly, 1,997 to 224, affirming to the world that the Catholic Church respected the rights of conscience of other believers.

By then Paul had already begun to translate that principle into action. In January 1964 he journeyed to Jerusalem to meet and embrase Ecumenical Pairi-Wount of Olives. The next year the spiral leaders of Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy withdrew the mutual headers of Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy withdrew the mutual industrial to the processors had anathemas that their predecessors had interest to the properties of the prop



Paul at three with his grandmother in 1900



Visiting the U.S. in 1965



As symbolic shepherd receiving lamb

Also Masses in factories and jails.

a similar commission with Lutherans in the U.S. Both groups achieved a remarkable consensus on such issues as the nature of the ministry and the presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist—key doctrines that divided Christianity in Reformation days. The two Protestant groups went so far as to concede a rationale for some kind of limited papacy.

aul could act with surprising calm in sweeping away the disciplines of centuries. In 1966 he decreed an end to the traditional obligation of abstaining from meat on Fridays. He abolished the notorious Index of Forbidden Books, which had once included the works of John Locke, Victor Hugo and Voltaire. In theological controvery and voltaire in theological controvery agree way to midler methods. Even Swiss Theologian Hans Küng's celebrated critique of papal infallibility was handled gently. Küng was simply warned not to teach such opinions in the future, but did

not have to recant them. Despite Paul's reforms, he saw the church being weakened by the dramatic departure of thousands of priests from the ministry; he called the exodus his "crown of thorns." Many of the priests left in order to marry, but Paul firmly resisted the suggestion that the centuries-old tradition of priestly celibacy be made optional. He extolled the celibate life as "the precious divine gift of perfect continence." Still, he left the door open for a successor to move further. He permitted the ordination of married deacons, who could exercise many ministerial functions, and he conceded the possibility of ordaining married men in mission countries.

Sometimes Paul raised expectations. or at least allowed them to grow, then disappointed those who hoped for change. In the spirit of Vatican II's declaration on collegiality (the sharing of authority), Paul established a synod of bishops that would meet regularly to advise him. Five times during his reign, churchmen from round the world convened in Rome to discuss such issues as clerical celibacy and evangelism. But the Pope controlled the agenda (he vetoed a discussion of the family in 1974, presumably because it would raise such questions as birth control and divorce), and he insisted on having the final say on the language of any published synod documents.

To some, his reform of the rusty machinery of the Curia was similarly disappointing. He internationalized the once overwhelmingly Italian bureacracy, but only very gradually was real power transtionalization of the College of Cardinals was far more dramatic. The conclave that elected Paul in 1963 numbered 29 Italians out of the 80 Cardinals present. After 36 Italians out of 137 Cardinals. we only 36 Italians out of 137 Cardinals.

Paul's internationalization of church leadership was at least partly a result of his own travels. From the start, he took his chosen name seriously and became.



As Cardinal Montini in 1963, he is greeted by Pope John XXIII

A questioning of ancient values, a challenge to traditional authority

like his evangelical namesake, "an apostle on the move." He was the first Pope in modern times to leave Europe, traveling more than 70,000 miles outside Italy and visiting every continent but Antarctica. In 1965 he flew to the U.S. to address the U.N. and to plead, in a memorably hoarse and earnest voice, "Never again war. War never again."

Paul was at his best on these trips, smiling often and enjoying particularly the unconventional displays of piety that greeted him in the Third World. In Western Samoa in 1970, he stood before an outdoor altar in the blazing sun while eight sarong-draped men came forward, bearing on their shoulders an immense 400lb. pig, a traditional Samoan gift. In Uganda he was delighted by a platoon of bluehaltered, red-skirted dancing girls who met the papal jet in Kampala. More somberly, especially in his Third World visits, Paul made a point of seeking out the poorest neighborhoods. In India in 1964, he wept at the poverty he saw.

hroughout his pontificate a procession of world leaders visited the Vatican, including some key figures from Communist countries: Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito, Rumania's President Nicolai Ceauşescu, Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Of all the Pope's many diplomatic initiatives, including a long and fruitless attempt to mediate peace in Viet Nam and similarly frustrating efforts in Biafra, Northern Ireland and the Middle East, his Ostpolitik was the most successful. His overtures to the Communist world helped to win the church such concessions as limited freedom to teach, nominations of new bishops and permission for public festivals. They also settled such ancient controversies as the 18-year isolation of Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty at the U.S. legation in Budapest.

advice of a special papal birth control commission that had advised him to accept certain methods of contraception.

In forbidding artificial contraception for Catholics, Paul cited natural law, but a more important reason lay in the consequences he foresaw: "a wide and easy road . . . toward conjugal infidelity and a general lowering of morality." Millions of Catholics, unwilling to accept Paul's reasoning, disobeyed the encyclical.

et Humanae vitae was not a stub-

born, willful decision. It was the work of a pastor deeply concerned by the erosion of moral values. Throughout his life, Paul was an ascetic -a dedicated worker who pushed his frail body regularly through a schedule that lasted from 6 in the morning until midnight, with little more than his meals and a siesta to break the day. Abstinent himself, he worried much and cautioned often about society's move away from traditional family patterns and its increasing selfindulgence. He warned that the rise of militant feminism risked "either masculinizing or depersonalizing women" and condemned "the most cunning aggression of conscience through pornography.'

His caveats belied Paul's deep compassion for individuals. He could not, like Pope John, simply give mankind an indiscriminate embrace, but he could be surdiscriminate embrace, but he could be surly the country with some transparent of the 1971 encounter with some form the surly was a surwer are ware of the values you seek," he told them. "Spontaneity, sincerity, liberation from certain formal and conventional restrictions, the need to be yourselves and to interpret the demands of

If Paul had expressed such views more often, his reign might have been less anguished. His exhortations might have seemed less imperious, and some measure of reciprocal understanding might have reached him, rekindling the hope and the courage that seemed to die in him as his pontificate wore on. The papacy weighs on its bearer like a cross of centuries, and Paul VI had to carry his alone.

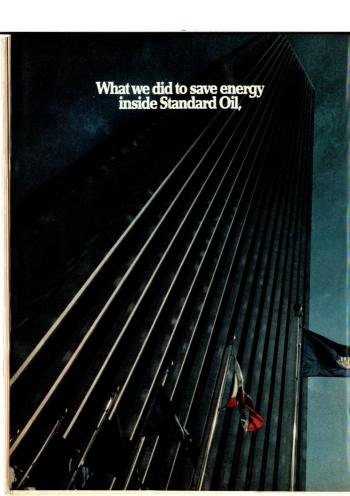
To political conservatives in the church, Paul was all too sympathetic to so-clalism. In Popularum progressio (On the church, Paul was all too sympathetic to so-clalism. In Popularum progressio (On the property "does not constitute for anyone an absolute and unconditional right. No one is justified in keeping for his exclusional progression of the progr

Paul wrote voluminously: each year his speeches, apostolie exhortations and decrees filled more than 1,000 printed pages. But he issued only one more encyclical after Populorum progressio. It was humanes viace (On Human Life) in the summer of 1968, and it aroused wide-spread criticism for its total rejection of artificial birth control. Paul agonized over the document, but he chose to ignore the



During a trip to the Holy Land (1964), Paul kneels to kiss the Rock of St. Peter If cracks in the ice begin to appear, who knows where they will end?





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Music

A Young Virtuoso Goes Solo

Richard Stoltzman wants to be the Casals of the clarinet

Richard Stoltzman is the first to admit it the clarinet, his chosen instrument, is no musical prince. To begin with, there is the clarinet's tendency to be loudmouthed and crass. It is the sharptongued marcher in high school bands, the instrument everyone lowes to play badyl. In orchestra pits, the clarine is a foot soldier, sturdily seconding the melodies of the grander piano, violin and cello. Few composers have favored it with solo works. Few Benny Goodmans exist, alwards and the missed the dazele to orchestras and thus missed the dazele

Mozart, and the audience loved it. The Mostly Mozart success—Stottzman will appear four more times in the popular summer festival—is by now standard. Last year, he won a \$2,500 Avery Fisher prize, awarded by Lincoln Center to "exceptionally talented younger instrumentalists." He has performed as guest soloist with many major chamber groups. He have released two sole altoms, the lastmart, is a maryelous collection of 19th century French clarinet pieces. He will make his debut with the New York Philharmonic next year. Says Voilnist Isaac



Richard Stoltzman before a performance at Manhattan's Avery Fisher Hall
"You're the guy who has no beginning to your notes."

of a Paganini or Casals. In short, clarinetists were not born to be stars.

But Stoltzman, 36, is challenging all that. A short, engagingly boyish virtuoso who has chosen a solo career over an orchestra seat. Stoltzman has an almost magical rapport with his instrument. His recent sell-out appearance in the Mostly Mozart series at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, where he wore a velvet jacket and what he calls his "dress sneakers," turned into a celebration of the clarinet's possibilities. In Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings in A Major, which he performed with the Tokyo String Quartet, Stoltzman glided effortlessly through long, sustained phrases. He caressed his instrument into whispery trills and treble work and then commanded a full-bodied tone as smooth as old wine. It was masterly

Stern: "Rarely have I heard such a virtuoso use of the clarinet. He has searched out its possibilities, and he has the sort of solo quality about him that makes him equal to any performer."

Solotzman's technique is strikingly subtle. A recording engineer once told him, "Oh, you're the guy who has no beginning to your notes." Stays Stoltzman: "I don't like how the clarinet sounds most of the time. In the official style, you don't have enough freedom to wander." His how conclarinet, by turns, mimics the flut-own clarinet, by turns, mimics the flut-own clarinet, by turns, mimics the flut of a violin, a bassoon's dark, refune-holy of a violin, a bassoon's dark, refune-holy at His playing refuses to sound well-schooled. Even Mozart runs take off so spontaneously that Stoltzman might almost be improvising—as he often does. He recently took part in a jazz workshop

at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville and let fly with some big-band solos. Says he: "I told them that I'm basically a classical musician, but that I love jazz."

Soltzman, in fact, came to the classical clarinet by the unorthodox route of jazz. During his childhood in San Francisco, he and his father, a railroad man with a passion for the tenor sax, would important the part of the part of the second with a passion for the tenor sax, would an expension the part of the part of

In high school, he "played with the dance band for money and with jazg groups for fun." Ohio State University came next, after Stollzman was rejected by Eastman School of Music and Julinimans, and the consideration material dentistry. "I still thought that classical music was somebody sitting in a symptony and playing things that you didn't understand," says Stollzman. But after some lessons with Clairnetist Robert Marcellis on graduate work in music at Yel.

There he lived for two years in a semicommune of string students. "Not only did I come to feel that music was exsense that the string of the string of the string string of the string of the string of the string like a voice singing, something neglected by clarincists." He credit shose two years with his interest in expanding the clarmer's color, after which his technique was supported by the string of the string of the York teacher of the strict "old school." Says Stottzman. "One of the first things that he told me was that I moved my fingers like a country bumpkin—and I a."

Stoltzman now lives in Manhattan with his wife, Lucy, 26, and his year-old son, Peter John, Lucy, a violinist, occasionally supplements the family income by playing with Broadway shows. Stoltzman spends his free time transcribing music from other instruments for the clarite to help fill out its meager repertory. One of the Mostly Mozari performances commoned for the Dissession on B-Flat.

As his career takes off. Stoltzman is increasingly on the road, appearing with regional symphonies or with the TASHI Quartet, which he helped to organize. His ambition now is to do for the clarinet what Casals did for the cellor transform his increased the control of the control of the "Last spring, when I was playing in Vancouver with the Amadeus Quartet," says Stoltzman, "a 90-year-old man came backstage and said, 'That's the first time the clarinet ever sounded human to me.'

Environment

A Nightmare in Niagara

Long buried chemicals rise up to scarify a neighborhood

In the past, two years, several hundred residents of Niagara Falls, NY, have watched and worried as chemicals, some buried more than 35 years ago, have bubbled to the surface in backyards and cell-lars. Last week their worst fears proved well founded. After a long investigation Whalen described the waste disposal site as "an extremely serious threat and danger to the health and safety of those living near it." He also recommended that all pregnant women and children under

Niagara Falls' nightmare goes back to 1942, when the Hooker Chemicals & Plastics Corp. began dumping wastes in Love Canal. Thousands of chemical-filled drums were dumped directly into the reincidence of hirth defects among children of 24 youngsters in the southernmost section of the neighborhood, health officials report four are mentally retarded. Local residents are doubly upset by the suggestion that they leave the area because their houses are now virtually unmarketable, and without money to rent elsewhere, most of them simply have no place to go.

They need help but where is it to come from? The Hooker Corp. which violated no laws at the time it was dumping, has helped to finance the investigation and the construction of a dich to drain the dump, but acknowledges no liability for damages. City officials are unsure of their power to clean up what is, for the most part, private property.





A disconsolate boy slumps beside warning sign; householders probe damage to their yard "We've been burving these things like ticking time bombs."

ceding waters of the unused canal or buried in the mud along its banks. In 1953 Hooker sold the site, which covered 16 acres, to the Niagara Falls board of education for \$1.

For at least a decade, the buried chemicals were no problem. But by 1976, after years of abnormally heavy rain. the chemicals, leaking from corroded containers, began to rise. Pools, some bubbling like witches' cauldrons, appeared in low-lying backyards; fumes seeped into cellars. So far, more than 80 chemicals have been found in the dump site itself. At least ten have been identified in homes bordering the old canal, seven of them known to cause cancer in animals. One, benzene, has been linked to leukemia in humans. Women living in the area have suffered 50% more miscarriages than would be expected. There is also a high New York's Governor Hugh Carey has appointed a committee, composed of state health, environmental and transportation officials, to look into mopping up the mess and helping those affected by it to relocate. Carey and Democratic Representative John LaFalce are also seeking federal help.

lederal help.

Washington has already helped prewent the creation of new Love Canals
washington of toxic substances. But,
says Environmental Protection Adminsiration Regional Director Eckhardt
Beck, "we've been burying these things
like ticking time bombs. They'll all
leach out in 100 or 100,000 years." There
are at least 30 sites like the Love Canal
in New York alone. Nationally, according
in New York alone. Nationally, according
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A New

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Science

A Space Record for the U.S.S.R.

And another U.S. try to save the faltering Skylab

one day last week, shortly after the sun set over the Kremlin's ancient towers and onion domes, the Soviet Union passed another milestone in space travel. On their 46th day in orbit, Cosmonaut Commander Vladimir Kovalenok and Flight Engineer Alexander Ivanchenkov. who have been circling the earth aboard Salyut 6 since June 17, brought the total time that they and their comrades have logged in space to 22,504 hours. That put the Soviets ahead of the U.S. for the first time since 1965, when American crews were following each other into orbit with clockwork regularity in the intensive preparations for the first landing on the moon. The U.S. is not likely to regain its lead any time soon; no Americans will venture into the void again until the first orbital space-shuttle flight in late 1979.

In Moscow, the state-controlled press has discreetly limited itself to factual accounts of the Salyut 6 flight, pointedly ignoring any comparisons with the U.S. space program. But for all the Soviet cool, the implications of the achievement were not lost on U.S. space observers; they noted that in number of flights and size of payloads launched, the Russians' increasingly active space effort, both military and civilian, is now about four times as big as the U.S.'s whittled-down program. Said the Library of Congress's astute space watcher Charles Sheldon: "In quantity, if not in quality, the balance is definitely tilted toward the Russians.

Launched into earth orbit last September, Salyut 6, while not as large or as sophisticated as America's Skylab, is

more technologically advanced than any Soviet predecessor. Like Skylab, it is equipped with two docking ports, making it capable of multiple linkups in orbit. Indeed, the Soviets have dramatically displayed their new skill with several three-ship linkups. These have included not only visits by other cosmonauts in smaller Sovuz spaceships but also dockings by the Soviets' new unmanned Progress spacecraft, which have brought fuel, food and other necessities in the first automatic resupplying operations attempted in space. In either case, the visiting ship edges into the space station's unused port.* Noting the capability such visits give the Russians for establishing permanent outposts in space, one Soviet com-

*The other port is reserved for the Soyur ferry craft that brought Kovalenok and Ivanchenkov to Salyut and will eventually return them to earth.



Progress spaceship at takeoff last January



Cosmonauts Kovalenok and Ivanchenkov at early brie Doing triple link-ups and growing seeds at zero-g.

mentator said: "Already one can visualize long-term cosmic 'settlements' made up of orbital stations and a ferry service keeping up a steady flow of supplies and technical equipment."

Though they were nearing the end of their second month in space, Kovalenok and Ivanchenkov appeared to be thriving aboard Salyut, understandably. The spacious ship includes such amenities as a new electronic control system that the Soviets say can take over navigation and control chores from the crew, a shower (Skylab has one too) and a small waterrecycling plant. There is also an abundance of scientific equipment, for both observing the earth and performing tests in space. Last week, for instance, the cosmonauts began a new experiment with sprouting seeds to see how well they might grow in zero-g. A little earlier they took a space walk of two hours and five minutes in a new type of space suit, during which they collected sample materials that had been placed outside the ship. checked scientific instruments and installed a new apparatus for measuring radiation. The cosmonauts so enjoyed their televised extraterrestrial stroll that they refused to be rushed back on board by ground controllers. Joked Kovalenok: "We would just like to take our time, since it is the first time in 45 days that we've been out into the street to have a walk.

In contrast with these high-flying Sovigasce efforts, NASA is still struggling to save the unoccupied Skylab space station from plunging prematurely to early tion from plunging prematurely to early dangerous loss of altitude, a byproduct of atmospheric effects caused by unexpectedly strong sunspot activity during the current solar cycle: Skylab's descent is being hastened by its wobblin motion.

which increases friction as the ship moves through stray molecules of atmosphere in its path. Ground controllers twice tried unsuccessfully to stabilize the craft, hoping to keep it aloft at least until the end of 1979. By then the space shuttle may be ready to carry into space a small booster that could be attached to Skylab to push it into a higher orbit-or, if that is not possible, to help direct the shaky space station through a fiery, yet safe descent into a remote area of the ocean. Two weeks ago controllers again used Skylab's attitude thrusters and gyros in another attempt to reorient the ship. The maneuver appeared to work, at least for the time being. At week's end space officials were still watching, waiting and keeping their fingers firmly crossed as the unmanned space laboratory streaked across the sky above them.



Economy & Business

COVER STORY

Miami

Flying the Crowded Skies

Low fares lead to high profits, long lines and some short tempers

SOARING

n ordinary times, the McDonnell family from the small town of Federal Way, Wash., would have passed up the trip. But these are not ordinary times, and pert Jackie McDonnell wanted to attend the 20th reunion of her high school class in Los Angeles. Even though Jackie. Husband Bob and their two children had already taken their summer vacation in Alaska, they were tempted by the new low airline fares. Says Bob, an engineer, "We made our reservations 30 days early, we flew night Super Saver and we figure the four of us saved \$259 off the regular fare." He adds: "This year we seem to be flying more miles than we are driving.

The Frank Kambaras of Chicago, a family of four, saved \$251 on a round trip to Miami; now, enticed by the bargain, they plan to spend next Christmas in Hawaii. Reason: they can fly at \$545 below the full fares. Thanks to "Chickenfeed" and "Super Saver" discounts, Kathy and Randy Ray were able to fly from Denver to New York City and Miami for \$206 less than it normally costs to fly only to

The McDonnells, Kambaras and Rays are typical of countless families throughout the U.S. and many from foreign lands who are hopping aboard bargain flights across the Atlantic and within America. Millions of people are making that extra trip they otherwise would not have made, and many are first-time air travelers. With U.S. airlines and a few foreign carriers offering reductions of up to 50%, air fares are easily the best value in an inflation-ridden global economy

So far this year, U.S. airlines have carried 180 million passengers, a 16% increase over last year and the largest gain in airline history. Two weeks ago Eastern reached 78% of capacity, meaning that all aircraft flying on major routes at peak periods were totally jammed. Last month there were only seven unoccupied seats on all Pan Am planes arriving in the U.S. from Europe and the Middle East. The earnings of airlines are heading toward unprecedented heights, proving the old (and often ignored) capitalist doctrine that lower prices lead to higher demand, which in turn creates higher

profits. In the first six months earnings

jumped 16.3%, and for the full year should hit a record \$1 billion. This year's surge, says Eastern Air Lines President Frank Borman, the former astronaut, "has been above our wildest expectation. We have become mass transit, and this may be as revolutionary as the introduction of the jet engine itself.

Like all upheavals, this one is rich in uncertainties, anxieties and discomfort. Neither the airlines nor the airports are prepared to cope with the passenger flood. Delays, snafus and frustration are the daily fare of today's traveler. "No one saw it coming," concedes Richard Ferris, president of United, the largest airline in the non-Communist world. "If anyone had told

me last year that we would be up 21% in traffic so far this year, we would have straitiacketed him and locked him away." Now such a prescient person would probably be promoted to senior vice president for planning.

As never before, the airlines are being forced to readjust their operations to meet their new mass-transit role and to make the crucial decisions about the planes they need to carry the big new crowds. The old planes on which the world flew into the jet age two decades ago are wearing out. Based on conservative

growth estimates made before the travel boom, airlines in the non-Communist world by 1993 will

need at least 4,600 new planes worth \$138 billion

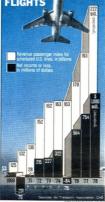
In response, the major U.S. and European planemakers are developing a new generation of fat-bellied, thin-winged jets specifically designed to accommodate the traveling masses, whisking them along at far less cost in fuel than today's jets. Yet the new craft are so expensive-\$20 million to \$30 million-that the airlines must be confident of their own future before

they make their purchases.

Never has the future been less certain. The U.S. airline industry has been treated like a semimonopolistic public utility, with routes and fares controlled by the Civil Aeronautics Board, which has sought to avoid overcompetition and ruinous price wars. Now. President Carter seeks to free the airlines from Government economic controls entirely and allow them to fly anywhere at any time and charge any price, no matter how ridiculously low. Later this month the CAB will allow airlines to reduce regular fares as much as 70% in economy and sell firstclass tickets at any price they think the traffic will bear. Next, the CAB intends to allow airlines to start flying new routes without asking anyone's permission. The industry's leaders are anxiously pondering the longer-range impact of Carter's policies, but for the present they are unquestionably effective: 40% of all passengers now fly at reduced rates, and many would not have flown without them.

Remarkably, people are putting up with the discomfort of sardine-style flight with good spirits and camaraderie. True,

there are some gripes, especially among business travelers who resent being jammed in by passengers paying a fraction as much. Affluent travelers, once the mainstay of the airlines, sometimes are put off by the rumpled chic of youthful interlopers; cut-off jeans and scruffy sandals seem de rigueur for many young passengers who only last year would have been taking the bus or hitchhiking. Inexperienced travelers put an extra burden on the already overtaxed stewardesses. "Some of them don't even know how to fasten their seat belts," moans a Hughes Airwest





n international pack of planes jams Kennedy Airport in New York: beckoned by bargains, millions are making that extra tri

must face "the ground barrier." The ordeal begins when the passenger tries to telephone the reservations center. Either the line is busy or a recorded voice says reassuringly, "Your call is being automatically held ... " And held and held. Waits of up to ten minutes are common and some are as much as 35 minutes. The volume of calls is up about 35% at most airlines, and each call lasts longer while the clerk figures out the lowest fare and plots the routes over which it is applied. One Eastern reservations clerk spent three hours on the phone with a couple, reckoning a 50-stop trip under the line's \$302 to \$323 fare that entitles a traveler to unlimited mileage-from Atlanta to Acapulco, from Seattle to San Juan-for 21 days. A new status symbol among businessmen is to know the unlisted reservations numbers that airlines have for VIP travelers. Laments Delta Air Lines President David Garrett: "We've got 18 different fares just between Atlanta and London, and they have all got to be explained in lengthy phone calls. We just can't keep up

Some airlines offer as many as 90 fares and discount packages, and no one knows how many are in effect on all the lines. In general, however, the international cut-rate fares fall into two price categories. The first is budget, which requires buying a ticket three weeks in advance and checking with the airline a week in advance to find out the departure day. The price: \$299 round trip New York-London, vs. \$764 for regular economy class. Or, for the same price, the passenger can buy a ticket on the day of departure and "stand by," hoping for a seat. The peril: none may be available. The second is APEX (Advanced Purchase Excursion), which must be bought three or four weeks in advance. The price: \$399. The advantage: a confirmed reservation. Domestically, there is an absolute plethora of fares. The Big Four-United, American, TWA and Eastern-all offer a Super Saver fare that cuts 30% to 50% off regular economy rates, but tickets must be bought 30 days in advance. Other lines offer similar savings under a variety of catchy names. Bran-

A weary through of travelers floods Carbvick Airport outside to dree to deregulate will bring benefits and problems

| A weary through of travelers floods Carbvick Airport outside to deal to the control of the contro

iff's Small Potatoes. Texas International's Peanuts (25% to 59% off on certain flights). Continental's Chickenfeed (20% to 59% off on most flights). There are also loss-leader fares, which last only a few days or weeks. Braniff offered for four days a 711 stand-by excursion from Dallas to Las Vegas. One way was \$11 first-class, \$71 in economy.

Trips to and from the airport routinely take longer than the flight. At Los Angeles International, the only entry is a five-lane road so clogged that drivers sometimes spend at least 45 minutes inching toward the parking area, then another 15 to 30 minutes to find a space. At Chicago's O Hare, the nation's busiless, backed-up traffic frequently extends for blocks, frantic travellers spring from boxed-in cabs and dash, bags in hand, for the terminal.

ith a few notable exceptions (Dallas-Fort Worth Houston. Tampa and Seattle). U.S. airports are woe-fully unprepared to cope with—much less comfort or coddle—the masses of travelers. Prine example: At-lanta, the nation's second busiest airport. Completed in 1961, it was intended to handle 40,000 passengers a day, but is now besieged by more than twice that number. It lacks enough lounger, estatamants and toilets. A \$400 million new airport is being built, but all present growth rates. It will be obsolete within the complete of the comple

"Our immediate challenge," says Eastern Senior Vice President Russell Ray Jr., "is to keep people from feeling like cows." Because of the problem of processing passengers through checkin and security inspection, flights often leave and arrive late.

If jam-packed planes are uncomfortable for passengers, legare nightmares for the hostesses, who can bartly make their way through the narrow sisles and foothills of hand luggage. Says an Eastern stewardess: "The glamour is gone, We used to be able to sit and talk with passengers. Now we're working wice as hard, whice as fast." Airline food, never a goarmet's delight, is becoming even less palatable as the airlines try to saw money on meals to offset the lower fares. The old gray steak liable escape: the cocktail offset is the significant of the airtrives just before the oxsection place of the significant of the airtrives just before the passenger gests to desert raise-for often airtrives just before the passenger gests to desert raise-for often airtrives just before the passenger gests to desert raise-for often air-

Arrival is turning into an ordeal. Delays at baggage claim areas can run two hours, and ground transportation is inadequate. Worst of all are the U.S.'s two biggest gateway airports. Los Angeles and J.F.K., both bad greeting cards for foreign visitors. Los Angeles customs area is so small that inspectors can process only two jumbo-jet loads at a time. Passengers on the other jumbos must wait on board for as long as three hours.



Clockwise from top: en route from Seattle to San Francisco on United; mobs pack Los Angeles customs; rushing for Eastern's Washington-New York shuttle: entering San Francisco's airport; waiting at Dallas-Fort Worth and at Washington National. Center: a fond farewell at Dallas-Fort Worth





Marooned "Terminal Children"

In one of international aviation's biggest Jams yet, ieus of thousands of passenters researched for up to five days at Europe as traveling to Europe, Many Americans traveling to Europe on crough bargain seats to accommodate the heavy crush heading home. Others were held up by a slowdown of 2:500 French air traffic octrollers. Their action smarted traffic across Europe, but the worst congestion was in Britain and France:

BRITAIN The British press dubbed them the "Terminal Children." Thousands of North Americans waited for up to a week at Heathrow and Gatwick airports to get cheap seats, either on Laker Airways or other lines that offer a limited number of stand-by fares.

"In the cause of hygiene," bound the pa. at Gatwick," we ask that waiting passengers not leave their cups and cultery on the flore." Gatwick's beige lindeum quickly dissippeared under a quickly dissippeared under a polyester sleeping bags. Bodies were ex-crywhere—standing, sitting, lying on the floor. The wait for toilets was 20 minutes and for a cup of tea, half an hour the gath slope should be distinguished to the distinguished to the gath slope should be distinguished to the distingui

trance, and many passengers overflowed onto a covered area near the parking lot. Groused Pat Shaw, a waitress from Buffalo: "I've slept on concrete for three days, and the big moral question facing me at night is whether to sleep in my clothes or on them."

At a Laker ticket office outside London's Victoria Station, 1,500 young people queued up for days to buy tickets to New York. As shown in the phote so the facing page, they slept on the side-marking the station of the station of the station of the station was stationary to the station with the station was stationary to the station was stationary to the stationary that the stationary









Since as many as eight jumbos touch down at the same hour, pilots compete with each other to land first and get their passengers at the head of the customs line. Some air schedules are being rejiggered to allow an extra half-hour for passengers to make connecting flights.

As a consequence of the chuos, many travelers have horror stories to recount. A young mother traveling with two children to New York City from Bogota was ushered to a lounge to wait for a delayed departure. Three-and-a-half-hurst later, she saw the distinctively painted Braniff plane taking off and when she checked, found it was hers. The harried agent had frogotten to call her. Bound for Tokyo, Bernie Power, an executive with Bally Manufacturing Corp. was recruted and then bumped off a flight in Seoul, where he was informed that the next available booking was two months away. Power got to Tokyo by standing by at the gate almost the entire next day until he found a sparse set. This doesn't look life ballast "exalined a middleway and the standard of the sta

The men who run the nation's airlines also wonder where they are going. Since the jet age began 20 years ago, their mercurial industry has ridden through three bosms and three busts. During expansive periods, lines have ordered too many new jets, and seats have been left unfilled when the economy leveled off or turned down. This time the airline chiefs are determined to avoid the riches-to-rags syndrome.

Whether they can or cannot do so will depend largely on the cheap fares. They are so low that carriers must continue to attract more passengers just to break even. The airlines are now making sizable profits because sis vout of ten passengers are still paying the regular tariff, and those fares provide enough revenue to cover the expenses of the flight. Hence, proceeds from the low-fare passengers, who fill up the remaining seats, are gray.

us what if just about everyone begins to fly cut rate? The break-even point will rise until airlines ann longer turn a profit no matter how packed the planes may be. Eastern's Borman is worried because his line's revenue is down from 8.84e per passenger mile in the first half of 1977 to 8.6 this year. Consequently, Eastern's break-even point has risen from 55% to 62% of capacity—that is, it makes money only when 62% of the seats are filled. Shuddering at the prosingly when 62% of the seats are filled. Shuddering at the prosing the first properties of the seather of the standard of the first properties of the seather of the seath

Still lower fares are only part of Carter's plan for the air-

der to get stranded Americans home.
Still, it will take weeks to move the mob.

FRANCE Flights into Paris' Charles de Gaulle and Orly airports were delayed an average of 16 hours, and many were held up for two days. Airport cafés and bars ran low on food and drink. Pharmacies had a run on inflatable cushions. Telephone coin boxes became so full that they jammed. At one point. Royal Air Maroc canceled flights. Angry passengers charged its offices at Orly and had to be restrained by riot police, who later took up positions to protect other airline ticket counters. Finally, bars were banned from serving liquor. Complained Frank North of Portland, Ore: "The people at the counters won't even tell me what time the planes might leave. If I knew that, I could at least go into Paris and spend the day." At week's end, the air controllers suspended their slowdown while negotiations with the government continued. But if agreement is not reached soon, the chaos could well resume.



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Economy & Business

lines. His goal is total deregulation. The Government would continue to police safety, but the companies would be unencumbered by other federal regulations. For example, a line must now go through a lengthy CAB examination before it can win a new route, and once that route is granted, must provide satisfactory service or face CAB sanctions. Under the White House plan, the airlines would be free to start or stop service wherever they liked Some small communities that have already lost their rail service would probably be desertwhich would dump mar- For the fortunate few, flying can still be fun. ginal and money-losing



ed as well by the airlines, Tomorrow's attraction: sleeping berths aboard Japan Air Lines' 747

routes. The biggest lines would have an advantage over smaller ones because they could concentrate their vast fleets on the most lucrative markets. They could also use their financial muscle to set rates at such low levels that weaker lines would be forced to fold

ot surprisingly, United and Pan Am, which are two of the biggest airlines, are the most vocal advocates of deregulation. Explains Pan Am's chairman, William T. Seawell: "The brightest and most satisfying prospect in Pan Am's future is our entry-at long last-into the American domestic market, as part of the deregulation trend." Delta and Eastern strongly oppose deregulation. Smaller and medium-size carriers are trying to line up merger partners to keep from being swallowed up by the big airlines if and when deregulation goes through. Texas International is trying to take over National. Defensive linkups are also planned by Southern and North Central as well as Continental and Western. Says one worried Western executive: "To us, United Air Lines seems just like a big cougar perched on a rock waiting to pounce on us.

A bill that would free the CAB from its legal responsibility to fix fares and routes has passed the Senate but is bogged down in the House. It is expected to pass eventually, though probably not this year. Deregulation would be the most radical change in U.S. aviation history, greatly affecting the lines'

ability to raise money for their next cycle of jet purchases

This is supremely important because even if the growth in air travel levels out to 6% a year. U.S. lines will need to borrow \$56 billion by 1985 to replace their aging jets. Lenders will tend to favor the lines that stand to benefit the most from deregulation, meaning the bigger, richer carriers. Though the U.S. certainly needs more competition and fare flexibility in the air, the specter of unbridled price cutting and route grabbing frightens many financial experts. who fear that some lines

will not be able to earn the The common scene: a fully loaded United DC-8 from New York to Denver returns needed to justify For the great mass, air travel is now just another form of transit

large loans. One airline financial officer calls the CAB's free-enterprising Chairman Albert Kahn an intellectual giant and a commercial idiot."

Assertive and gregarious, Economist Kahn, a former Cornell University professor, thrives on controversy. In an interview with TIME Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, he argued that the airlines are excessively panicked by the prospect of being exposed to the full force of a competitive marketplace. "What I suspect is that there is a search for another security blanket now that the CAB security blanket is being removed.

he says. Rather than harming the airlines. Kahn contends, deregulation will help many of them prosper. "We are making every carrier in this country a potential competitor of the other carriers by saying if you want to enter a market, we will do everything we can to let you enter

A few small airlines undoubtedly would prosper by moving into profitable niches overlooked by the bigger carriers. Southwest, a small regional carrier, has applied for routes to Chicago with a regular fare 50% below that of the major airlines, and it could perhaps make a marginal profit on that heavily traveled run. Freddie Laker is the perfect example of a small operator who chose a lucrative route and cut rates to fill his planes beyond the break-even point. But Laker incurs none of the costs of providing service to small communities that could not fill up his planes.

European airline leaders, who generally favor controlled competition, have serious quarrels with Carter's approach. Their objections would be more telling if they had done a better job of opening up air travel to the broad public. European fares are still twice as high as those in the U.S.; and promotional cheapies are few. Rather than compete for passengers, the European airlines band together in "pools," or market-sharing arrangements. On the Paris-London run, for example, Air France and British Airways schedule their flights at different times to avoid competition as well as costly excess capacity.

Despite their monopolistic overtones, the Europeans have a point: unfettered competition can have a few bad repercussions. Example: the U.S.-inspired stand-by fares. They functioned smoothly only as long as planes were not being filled by passengers with confirmed reservations. Now the stand-bys are left stranded in appalling situations. To their woe, a few foreign carriers, notably El Al, Iran Air. Air-India and British Airways, have tried to match low U.S. transatlantic fares and have ended up with thousands of irate standbys on their hands. Most foreign airlines have resisted the deep discounts, and they have far fewer problems, at least on the North Atlantic.

Lufthansa Chairman Herbert Culmann predicts that, in a competitive free-for-all, the airlines with the best chance of survival will be those with Government backing. "The American carriers are in danger," he warns. "Whether Air France gets 400 million francs from the French government today or 500 million francs tomorrow, you can be certain of one thing: Air France will still exist." So, he might add, will Lufthansa, British Airways, SAS, KLM, and all those other airlines that are the major flag carriers of their nations

f Culmann's dire prediction is even partly fulfilled, and some U.S. airlines are financially weakened, the American planemakers that supply them could be hurt. In turn, the nation's balance of payments would suffer. Of all commercial plane sales in non-Communist countries, Boeing rings up about 52%, McDonnell Douglas 28%, and Lockheed 3%. At about \$7 billion a year, sales of aircraft, engines and parts abroad are the

second largest U.S. export (after food). Now the Europeans are disputing U.S. dominance as never before. The challenger is the Airbus A300, made by a French-German consortium with a Spanish junior partner-and financed by all three governments. It is the world's first twin-engined wide-body jetliner, and it can carry up to 310 passengers

for almost 50% less in operating costs per seat mile than the stretched version of the 727, which has similar capabilities. In a sense, the Airbus is the finest American plane that the Europeans could build: its highly efficient engines are produced by General Electric. The Airbus Industrie consortium has sold 157 Airbuses to 16 airlines, and the largest order, for 23, came from Eastern. In 1974, President Borman began begging American planemakers to build a weight-saving twin-jet, but they dallied. Next, a newgeneration Airbus, designated the A310, will be a direct competitor to Boe-

seats 200 and has most advanced technological features, has been ordered by Air France (four), Lufthansa (ten) and Swissair (six)-and Airbus sales

teams are canvassing potential buyers throughout the world Since Borman outraged U.S. planemakers by buying a European plane, Boeing has led a campaign in Washington against what Treasurer Jack Pierce calls "predatory financing." Indeed. Borman got a good deal, which includes a \$250 million loan guaranteed by European government agencies. Somewhat reluctantly, the U.S. Export-Import Bank has agreed to try to meet the European terms by making more of low-interest loans available to foreign buyers of U.S. aircraft.

So expensive is the creation of an all-new plane that Boeing is looking for partners to help do the work and share the cost. In no other industry are there such large international combines or so much high-level politicking. When he visited Jimmy Carter last June, British Prime Minister James Callaghan discussed an Anglo-American aviation linkup. British Aerospace, a nationalized collection of airframe and weapon makers, is being courted by the European Airbus consortium and Boeing. As a start, Boeing wants British Aerospace to make the wings for its planned narrow-bodied, 150-passenger 757.

A British connection would probably make Boeing's newgeneration aircraft easier to sell in the Common Market. European governments sometimes have forced their airlines to buy their own country's planes even though they were inferior to U.S. craft. France and Britain have been the worst offenders, saddling Air France and British Airways with money losers from the Caravelle to the Concorde. The European carriers now claim that they are free to pick the best jet. The problem is that the Boeing 767 and Airbus 310 are so close in price and performance that the Europeans-and the dozens of Asian and African airlines associated with them in sales and maintenance setups may decide to buy the local product.

So far, Boeing has bagged the biggest order: a \$1.6 billion bundle from United. In the past, such a big deal by United would have sent American, TWA, Eastern and others rushing to place their own orders and thus secure favorable delivery positions. And they would have been crowing about how they were going to create the biggest, all-new, best-everything fleet in the world. So what happened this time? Nothing-so far. U.S. airline chiefs are playing a wait-and-see game. They claim that they will not order new aircraft simply as a reaction to this summer's sudden and unexpected surge. Explains Pan Am's Seawell: "If you buy new capacity for marginally priced traffic, you don't really get an adequate return on your investment."

No one anticipates that passenger volume will continue to grow at the present annual rate of 23%. United's Ferris figures: A new plateau of travel is now established. We won't see great

leaps from that plateau, but growth will be off a higher base. In the future, passenger growth will be somewhere between 6%.

Even at that reduced

rate, the surge would give

quite a lift to the disparate

businesses and entrepre-

neurs that benefit from

travel, including skycaps.

tour guides, restaurants,

hotels, car rental compa-

nies and retail chains. Cer-

tainly fares will continue to

decline, though the sharp-

est cuts will be on off-peak.

midweek and overnight

flights. On the thesis that

you get what you pay for,

the airlines probably will

adopt three classes of ser-

which is the historic average, and 10%. EASTERN

ing's planned 767. Already Reservation clerks in Eastern Air Line's big Miami center

the new Airbus, which More people are calling, and talking longer, than ever before.

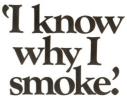
vice. There will be first class for expense-account executives and wealthy tourists, in some cases with stretch-out beds like Japan Air Lines has begun to offer for a \$120 surcharge on its San Francisco-Tokyo flight. There will be second class, with hot meals and some elbow room. And there will be tightly packed

sardine class-cold meals, close seating, cheap fares. More people will fly, including many of that one-third of all American adults who have never been up in a plane. E.H. Boullioun, president of Boeing's commercial plane division, observes: "People's life patterns are changing. Young people are living for today. Let's say a couple has a few hundred dollars on hand.

They'll spend it flying to California or somewhere. The bargain hunters are everywhere. Some companies have started to put junior executives on the cramped, cut-rate flights (while senior managers, complaining of the crush on commercial lines, are clamoring for the firm to buy more executive jets). The General Accounting Office, noting that the Government spends \$470 million annually on airline tickets, has urged that the bureaucrats take the bargain flights.

Because of the new masses in motion, the new planes and rapidly changing Government policy, the airlines are flying into uncertain skies. Some of the portents are promising. Says Eastern's Borman: "If people start seeing us as a good replacement for the auto, business could go wild. That's the kind of market we're aiming for. We've taken on the ship and the train, but the private auto is the heavyweight championship." Detroit is not worried yet, but the summer of 1978 has proved that the air travel market can grow much bigger, and that the surest means to exploit it is through lower fares.





"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste. "So when I switched to low tar,

I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste

what else is there? "But there was all

that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for.

Vince Dougherty

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health. FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



Mockup of Lockheed's projected "Dash 500," an advanced version of the L-1011, undergoing tests in wind tunnel at Burbank, Calif.

The 1980s Generation

Planes that have new computers and color radar

ompared with the revolutionary jets of the late 1956s and the wavenum jumbs of the early 1970s, the third generation of the early 1970s, will seem to bring only evolutionary change. The new planes will not be longer, larger or slecker than today's jumbs but somewhat shorter, smaller and squatter. They will be quieter, less fuel-thirsty, more automated and efficient to operate.

For the most part, they are also designed to save as much development money as possible for the planemakers. Since it costs about \$2 billion to design and tool up for an all-new plane and engines, most of the new generation will be cloned from present models, scaled down in size and outfitted with the latest technology. Even so, the cost of producing a derivation can reach \$1 billion; hence, a planemaker must sell between 400 and 500 aircraft to break even.

Last week McDonnell Douglas decided to drop out of the sales race and scrapped plans for its new-generation DC-X-200, which would have competed directly with Boeing's 767 in tomorrow's big market for medium-range, wide-bodied jets. Instead, McDonnell Douglas will concentrate on a stretched and upgraded version of its long-range DC-10 jumbo.

Barring other dropouts, the new generation will get going in 1981 and 1982, when three manufacturers plan to deliver planes of roughly the same capacity (197 to 230 passengers) and range (2300 to 3,680 miles). They are the Boeing 767, the Airbus A310-200 and the Lockheed L1011-400. To sawe weight and fuel, the Boeing and the Airbus will have two engines, the Lockheed "Dash 400" three.

The Airbus A310 is derived from the larger and highly successful A300, the first twin-engine and wide-bodied jet. The

Dash 400 is a slightly smaller version of the Lockheed TriStar 1011. Lockheed is also experimenting with a long-range model, the Dash 500, which would fly 6,100 miles at one stretch.

Among the U.S. planemakers, only Boeing, which has made record profits on its 727s, had the financial strength to design a totally new jet. Following its successful practice of creating entire families of aircraft with interchangeable parts, Boeing now has three new-generation planes in various stages of development: the 757, 767 and 777. All bear a striking resemblance-long "supercritical" wings and huge bypass engines-but the 757 is a narrow-bodied aircraft, designed to replace the DC-9 and 727 on short and medium routes. The 767 and 777 are virtually identical wide bodies, except that the latter has three engines

For smaller loads (80 to 109 passengers) and shorter hops (100 to 200 miles), the nationalized British Aerospace plans to roll out its four-engine Model 146-200 in 1982. A few years later, Boeing hopes to introduce a far more advanced shorthaul plane; it will be adapted from the OSRA (for Quiet Short Haul Research Airplane), which Boeing developed for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The plane will be ideal for commuters, since it can take off and land on extremely short runways. Reason: its four engines mounted atop the wing blow exhaust over the upper surface, creating phenomenal lift

The first new-generation plane that most Americans will fly will be the 767. Passengers may be disappointed that its interior is not a radical improvement over today's jets. True, a few creature comforts will be better. Six-footers will not risk cracking their heads on the door frames:

the entry, at 6 ft. 2 in., will be two inches higher than the doorway of today's 707s or 727s. For passengers who are accustomed to high-density seating, the 767's economy section will convey a sense of spaciousness, because the seats will be arranged in a two-three-two configuration and divided by two asless.

Unfortunately, the impression of roomines is largely illusionary. The ceiling will be 1½ in lower than today's 7078 and 72% in the economy-class seats will appear to 12 to 12

The interiors of the Airbus A310 and Lockheed Dash 400 will be similar to the 767. In the Airbus, economy seating will be arranged in a two-four-two configuration; the Dash 400 will use nine-abreast seating with two aisles.

espite the cramped quarters, the new planes should delight those passening. They will life off more easily, climb effortlessly and cruise quietly through the skies at an average 550 m.p.h. The planes will be much more stable at lower speeds than today's jets, and landings will be safer.

Nearly everything that will qualify the planes to be called a new generation is hidden from view or discernible only by the expert eye. Some of the biggest improvements are in the cockpit. After takeoff, the flight can be fully automated, should the captain so choose. A computre back on the ground in the airine command senter will reckon the entire flight headings, throttle settings, climbs, descents and the like into three smaller computers aboard the aircraft.

The onboard computers will compile

Now your questions ca

Secret sources warned of a massive air attack on Coventry. Why did Churchill leave the city completely undefended? A Soviet agent in Tokyo accurately named the day Hitler planned to invade Russia. Why did Stalin ignore the report? The Dutch underground spotted a Panzer division at Arnhem. Why did Eisenhower send Allied paratroops up against such overwhelming opposition Only today can we answer the questions that have long puzzled everyone interested in World War II. Now TIME-LIFE BOOKS offers you an exciting chronicle of these tumultuous years. WORLD WAR II is filled with action photographs from Axis and Allied archives and TIME and LIFE files; plus eyewitness accounts and authoritative background detail. Begin with Prelude to War for 10 days free. Future volumes continue the story, told as only TIME-LIFE BOOKS could tell it.

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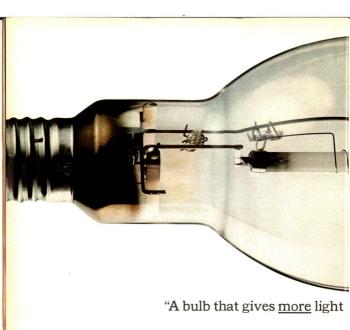


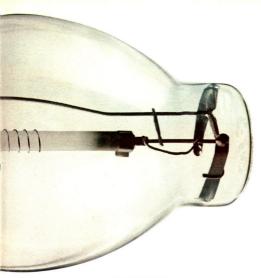


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Too many standard American wagons are big hulking boats addicted to gas and all decked out in plastic wood.

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seconds. Its response is immediate. Its hold on the road is firm.

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*1978 EPA FUEL MILEAGE GUIDE

Economy & Business

and analyze the details of the plane's performance and present the crew with upto-the-minisecond accounts of engine efficiency, fuel consumption, progress of flight and miles to destination. Flight crew members will become monitors of the automated systems, and the new instrument panels are designed to help them keep constant watch on performance. They no longer will have to rely on a clutter of spinning indicators or round dials. Information will be displayed, simply and concisely, on digital read-outs, vertical scales and bright, television-style screens. A much improved radar will display the weather ahead in living color (red for thunderstorms, yellow for light rain, green for smooth air). An indicator will give the distance and flying time to bad weather.

If a malfunction occurs in any of the systems, a buzzer will alert the crew, who will look at a special command panel known as the enunciator. It will provide an instant indication of where the trouble is. The flight crew will have another helper: the EADI (for electronic attitude



and direction indicator). On a cathode ube, which looks like a small TV screen, the image of the plane will be portrayed. All the control of the plane will be portrayed to the plane of th

Though the avionic advances are impressive, the most significant improvements have been made in the two major elements whose interaction causes a plane to fly: engine and wing.

Engine. Because of metallurgical advances and more efficient design, the new engines are lighter and quieter and burn offe to 7% less kerosene fuel than those in current jets. These new engines, which are refinements of existing models, produce thrust in two ways. First, they suck huga emounts of air into a compressor section and eject it under high pressure into the combustion chamber, or "hot throat."

There it is mixed with kerosene spray and ignited, reaching a temperature of 2400° F. This explosion spews back to turn a turbine, and then the exhaust exits as thrust. Second, the turbine turns a shaft to a big multibladed fan at the front of the engine. The far functions like an old-style propeller and shoves back tons of air for additional thrust.

Wing. Today's jet wings have one major drawback: they create too much drag in relation to the lift they generate. Their blunt leading edges and curved upper surfaces cause the air flow to break away too soon from the wing, creating burbles and turbulence that retard speed. The solution: the new supercritical wing, so named because it cuts through the air in such a way that it creates less turbulence. Developed by NASA, it is somewhat similar in shape to a glider wing and achieves more lift by being flatter on top and longer. It also has a slight downward slant at the trailing edge that causes the air in motion to adhere to the wing surface longer. thus making a smoother passage. The superiority of the supercritical design has been known for years. But engineers could not apply it to the jets until stronger, more durable metals were developed that could withstand the great stress to which the wings are subjected

the fuselage of the new generation refutes the old notion that steek lines lead to high performance. In the new aerodynamic designs, bulky is beautiful. The blunt nose creates huge waves, but because of smoother aircraft skins, the air flow is uniform around the fuselage. Further in the future, the planemakers may use a NASA-developed system of grooving the front part of the fuselage to reduce drag. NASA also has proved that a 'wavy,' or 'washbeard,' inducing turbulence. Less drag means lower fuel consumption.

No new supersonic is being developed at present. The Anglo-French Concorde, of which ten are now flying, is such a fuel-gulping money loser that no more are on order and five have been left unsold. ANSA and U.S. planemakers are still conducting supersonic research on a modest scale, but an American SST is not expected before the 1990s, and then only if the world economy is buovant.

The most promising research is retogressive. United Technologies is developing a "prop fai"—an eight-blade pracipation of the property of the property of the tools like warped boomerangs. They are more efficient for subsonic aircraft than the fan-jet engines planned for the 1980s. on flights of up to 1.500 miles, the prop since a propeller is more efficient than jet thrust during elimb-outs and letdowns. Even so, the boomerang has a problemexcessive noise. Furthermore, how can after they have flowing is eff.





AIRBUS A310-200
Passengers — 208-229
Length — 155 ft.
Range — 3,050 mi.
Delivery — 1982



BRITISH AEROSPACE 146-200 Passengers — 80-109 Length — 93 ft. Range — 1,500 mi. Delivery — 1982



BOEING/NASA OSRA
Boeing hopes to adapt this 93 ft.
NASA short-takeoff and -landing
plane for commercial use in the mid1980s. Exact specifications are
unknown, but, like the British 146200, it will carry small loads over
relatively short ranges between city
centers.

Time Essay

The Game of the Name











People, places, things-champs (Ali), detergents (Cheer), streets, pols (Wayne Hays), thinkers (Machiavelli) all leave tracks in the name gan

iving a name," Thomas Carlyle once Giving a name, I nomas Carry, on its said, "is a poetic art." Perhaps, but it can also be a trying one. Item: Retreating before the distemper of feminists who do not like all hurricanes to bear women's names, Government meteorologists this year will christen storms not only Aletta but Bud and Daniel and Fico. Item: A national chain, Sambo's Restaurants, has run into stern resistance in New England, where civil rights groups are trying to ban the name because of allegedly racist overtones. Item: A young man who asked a Minnesota court to change his name to "1069" was recently refused and rebuked by the judge for proposing "an offense to hu- Could Desdemona pull it off as Sally? man dignity" and seeking a name that was "inherently totalitarian." Strong language

Strong feelings and forensics to match are commonplace when names are at stake-and they seem to be at stake all the time and all over the place in the U.S. The necessity of naming 3 million babies a year is only one source of nameless stress. Americans continually leap into flaps and furors over the naming and renaming of things and places. It amounts to a national obsession, or craze, or fascination, or mania-name it what you will-and it seems to be getting livelier all the time

The name game is also growing ever more trendy and even desperate as more and more people clamor for attention in a please-notice-me society. It is merely ironic that businesses with names like the No Name Bar and The Chocolate Soup (a children's clothes store) now so proliferate that only an innocent would suffer a double take on learning that an orchestra called The Widespread Depression happened to be performing last week at a nightspot called The Other End. That is in Greenwich Village, where some runners trade at a store called The Athlete's Foot.

It is not easy to diagnose such nominal absurdity, but plainly it is epidemic. Already the name thing has inspired the publication of whole books that purport to plumb the "psychological vibrations" of personal names. Dawn and Loretta and Candy are supposed to be sexy, according to Christopher Andersen's *The Name Game*, and Bart and Mac and Nate are macho. Humphrey is sedentary; so much for Bogart. Anyway Americans have not needed any tracts or theories to get them lunging after catchy handles. One Phoenix mother recently branded her new baby girl with the unforgettable sobriquet Equal Rights Amendment.

The game is ubiquitous. Corporations strain to invent short, arcane names. Married women have begun to resist taking their husbands' surnames. Cassius Clay becomes Muhammad Ali in mid-career. Sambo is a target of only one minority; Italians hate the name Mafia. Rock groups, such as Jefferson Starship (né Airplane) and the Grateful Dead, have stretched the art of naming



to surreal heights and depths. The President's wish to stick to Jimmy as his official name perhaps ingratiated him more with the public than any other step he has taken-and may, in the end, have hinted more than he intended at his fuzzy grasp of presidential power But what, in the name of heaven, is be-

hind so much fuss over a matter as superficial as names-mere words, mere sounds, mere labels? Names are loved and hated as though they were animate. Kids may still be taught that only sticks and stones break bones, but grownups behave as though names are powerful agents for good or ill. In the adult world, name-calling is considered the dirtiest form of fight. Flaborate libel laws rest on the prem-

ise that a name can do real damage. Individuals clearly expect a variety of benefits when they take on new names. For Ellen Cooperman, becoming Ellen Cooperperson was ostensibly indispensable to her liberation. When he planned to run for Governor, Maryland Attorney General Francis Boucher Burch, long called "Bill," legally adopted the nickname with its suggestion of a common touch-but reverted to Francis Boucher after he withdrew from the race. Out of a simple wish to escape the paternal shadow, Graham Williams Wheeler, the son of Kansas City, Mo., Mayor Charles B. Wheeler Jr., recently had his name legally pruned back to Graham Williams.

Even impersonal names stir improbable emotions. Phone clients have continued to howl as Ma Bell has systematically abolished exchange names (Butterfield, Murray Hill) in favor of numbers. When a disease got named for their organization, some American Legionnaires protested as though fearing voodoo-like contamination. Real estate developers act as if they expect fanciful street names to impart class to entire neighborhoods. But should it be assumed that only classical music is played on Symphony Circle in Vienna, Va.:

People act, in short, as though names do possess strange power. Indeed, some names act as though they have the upper hand, sometimes persisting against all efforts at eradication. Cape Canaveral stuck where it was put long ago in spite of efforts to displace it with the chimerical name of Kennedy. Sixth Avenue remains just that to many New Yorkers in spite of diligent efforts to promote the general use of the 33-year-old legal name, Avenue of the Americas. Mount McKinley is still not generally accepted by Alaskans, who tend to prefer the peak's original designation, Denali

Such cases suggest that a name is not a passive label. Some names, weirdly enough, manage to penetrate to the core of the named, achieving a profound fusion, becoming inextricable. Certain names become so incorporated with the acts or traits or destinies of their owners that they pop into the popular vocabulary as common nouns and adjectives: Cain, Jeremiah, Job (the Bi-

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ble is a storehouse of such), Machiavelli, De Sade, McCartly, The same peculiar joining of character and name occurs all the time, even in the fictive world. Romeo is as inseparable from the youth so named as he was from Dullet, and no actress could credibly play the role of Desdemona if the character's name were changed to, say, Sally. Some names verifably become the named, or vice versa—which is why everybody so naturally speaks of celebrated persons as "Pig names."

M any snatches of American vernacular rise out of an implied belief in the mystical properties of names. To say that someone's "name is mud" is figuratively to eradicate the owner. An American speaking of the crux or essence of any pursuit will probably say "That's the name of the game." O'bviously, James Russell Lowell was onto something when he wrote that "there is more force in names than most men dream of ..."

People in earlier civilizations and some primitive tribes up to modera times did dream—and believe—that personal names held mortal power. In The Golden Bough, Sir James Fraze teils how the ancient Egyptians and aboriginal Australians alike took pains to protect their secret true names—and the vital power they contained—from falling into the possession of outsiders. Aging Eskimos, Frazer also records, sometimes take new names have a contractive to the contractive training the procession of the possession of suiders. Aging Eskimos, Frazer also records, sometimes take new names have wanged in clearly scivilizations. Still. as Nuch Jacobs scinits have wanged in clearly scivilizations. Still as Nuch Jacobs scinits.

out in Naming-Day in Eden, people "have not altogether discarded the belief in the virtue of names"

Actually, the potency of names is recognized more clearly and used more craftily than ever in this age of advertising. Name recognition is accepted as vital by both politicians and businesses. Ohio's ex-Congressman Wayne Hays, unsavory reputation and all, recently won a state legislative primary largely because of name recognition. Companies now calling themselves Equifax and Standex want to plant themselves in the public mind, while signaling that they are in tune with the technotronic times. And hucksters have long relied on the power of a clever name to sway a customer's decision. The popularity of Cheer and All among detergents, and Mustang and Diplomat among autos is no more due to the properties of the merchandise than the box-office power of a John Wayne movie is usually owed to artistic excellence. The hottest new perfume, now U.S.-bound from Paris, is called Opium. No telling how the doomed Edsel might have done if it had been dubbed, say, the

The name game, though epidemic, will probably do no serious harm unless it at last hypnotizes everybody into forgetting that substance remains vitally important. Already far too many things that reach the American market under guiling names turn out, on close inspection, to be turkeys and lemons.

Theater

Life's Clown

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF

Book, Music and Lyrics by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley

That whiny, petulant exemplar of achieves and in self-pity, Littlechap (Everyman writ exceeding small) is back on Broadway after 16 years of blissful absence. This time the windup toy clown is played by Sammy Davis Jr. As thimbleful-deep in wisdom as it is mountain-high in pretentiousness, this musical means to imply

that he is life's clown, as aren't we all Davis gives the role everything he has which is both too much and not enough. Like Liza Minnelli, who was in rapt attendance on opening night, Davis is a claque person: his fans bestow upon him an adoring worship that outstrips the sum of his actual gifts. He is a passable dancer (though he does not dance in this show), his voice is only as strong as the mike it is hooked to, and an orphan out of Annie could match his acting. Like Minnelli, Davis projects the image of an overage child parched for affection, aggressively demanding approval. and working onstage with a grueling intensity. Not "no sweat" but all sweat.

Both Davis and Minnelli are personality pushers who market their mannerisms like commodities. If you think they are repeating themselves, they are. When was the last time they were caught doing anything remotely fresh? Their fans wouldn't stand for it. They come not to watch a show or to see the gods and goddesses of the tabloids deign to immerse



themselves in specific roles. Such playgoers attend the theater only to bathe in the effulgence of celebrityhood.

That is the only discernible appeal of Littlechap, who himself wants desperately to participate in the gaudy rituals of fame. Littlechap is a pip-squeak who dreams of being a Pooh-Bah. Starting as "a coffeccolored coffee vendor," he manages to marry the boss's daughter (Marian Mercer), and with the quickest of strides reaches the top as a national and international business tycoon. Along the way he accumulates a bey of English, Ruswith great comic zest by the selfame Mercer. There is less sin than smirk in these accent-prone secapades.

S hedding almost all its English allu-sions, the show is thoroughly Americanized and pervasively vulgar. Littlechap shoots for the presidency and makes it, the first black ever to do so. Running for office on a ticket of double-speak. Davis capitalizes on his command of antic mimicry. Donning shades, he struts his way toward the black vote. He woos the hispanics with hip-swiveling tangomania. Finally, he seduces his Jewish constituency by clapping on a Tevye hat and fiddling on the roof of his mouth. Felled by a heart attack, or possibly a stroke. Davis ends the evening singing that potent crowd pleaser, What Kind of Fool Am 1?. the song that probably contributed as much to the initial success of Stop the World as The Impossible Dream did to Man of La Mancha, Fool, Gonna Build a Mountain and Once in a Lifetime are the consolation prizes of an extremely te-

dious evening. The audience seems almost to come in to the theater humming them.

— T.E. Kalem

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Behavior

Passages II

Advice for the demon-worn

M any academics have earned more than \$75,000 in author's royalties. but U.C.L.A. Psychiatrist Roger Gould, 43, may be the first to make that much from someone else's book. Since 1969 Gould has been studying "adult life stages" in an effort to show that all men and women go through similar phases of psychological development. Manhattan Journalist Gail Sheehy, in preparing her 1976 bestseller Passages, borrowed enough from Gould's unpublished research that the psychiatrist sued for plagiarism. The suit was settled out of court, with Gould receiving \$10,000 and 10% of Sheehy's

Why did Gould let Sheehy beat him into print with his own ideas? "I thought I would write a book in about three or four more years, after I had thought about the problem more." The product of his pondering is Transformations (Simon & Schuster; \$9.95). Though clearly more serious than Sheehy's pop-psych success, the book is unlikely to quell skepticism about research on adult cycles

That research derives from Psycho-



A city slicker beat him into print.

analyst Erik Erikson, who wrote a few cryptic pages on the subject, then invited others to flesh out adult stages. As Gould charts them, the stages-for men and women-break down as follows:

16 to 22. Youngsters are "condensed energy looking for a direction" and looking for rules to break. The problem is to break away from parental control. Romance, and all intimacy, is an attempt to cut loose from parents without

losing a sense of safety and belonging. 22 to 28. Optimism, determination and confidence are high. Careers are pursued without much introspection. The young adults wrestle with the false assumption that "rewards will come automatically if I do what I am supposed

28 to 34. This is a time of disillusionment and soul searching. Life is viewed as complicated and unfair. Says Gould: "Discovering that 'life is a struggle' is like rediscovering the wheel."

34 to 45. Tumult is caused by the unresolved problems of the 30s and the first emotional awareness that time is running out and death will come

Over 45. Life settles down: one becomes less competitive, more inner-directed. The post-mid-lifer is calm and accepting: there is a sense that "we are whoever we are going to be.

Most people are unlikely to find such observations very convincing or useful. Worse, Psychoanalyst Gould applies a heavy dose of Freudian pessimism: every child is born with an "insatiable biological drive" to have what it cannot have, the total attention and love of its mother. The failure to satisfy this drive, he believes, produces anger and protective devices that dominate every stage of adult



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Behavior

development. Says Gould: "Mental life seems to have an unconscious goal—the elimination of the distortions of childhood consciousness and its demons and protective devices that restrict our life."

Not to worry. Gould helpfully lists his "seven-step dialogue for mastering child-hood demons." The last step: "Reach an integrated trustworthy view of reality unencumbered by the demonic past." That sort of advice reads more like Sheehy than Erikson. Gould's book shows that the adult-life research, despite its hankering for academic respectability, has lurched into the smog of self-help platitudes.

Auto Violence

Hostility on the highway

ark Furman, 28, and his wife Claudia, 24, were driving from Milwaukee to Chicago when their car was bumped from behind by a Cadillac car-rying four passengers. Two of them imped from the Caddie, shot and killed Mark, then pistol-whipped Claudia and shot her in the right arm. More and more, say authorities, motorists are attacking one another with fists, knives, guns-or with the car itself-after minor accidents or quarrels over right-of-way.

On Long Island, an enraged driver who thought he had been cut off smashed the offending vehicle with an ax. In a lane-changing argument in Sacramento, a passenger in a pickup truck shot and killed the driver of the other car. After a near collision in Virginia, two drivers tried to settle matters by staging a shootout. "This is getting more common." says a Chicago police lieutenant. "Everybody seems to be uptight." Even some men on his own force. In the Windy City last year, two off-duty officers were fired and one was placed on probation for attacking other motorists after auto

More often, police are victims of the rising freeway fury. Last year 413 California highway patrolmen were attacked and injured by people they had pulled over to the side of the road, up from 244 in 1973. The Los Angeles police report 364 incidents last year in which vehicles were used for assault

Some psychologists argue that popular self-awareness and self-assertion literature has helped push motorists to violence. But University of Chicago Psychiatrist Lawrence Z. Freedman, who served as an adviser to the presidential commission on violence, may be closer to the mark. Heterogeneous groups tend to produce more violence than homogeneous ones, he says, and the highway population is predictably heterogeneous, filled with drivers of different ethnic backgrounds and classes. In other words, many naturally aggressive people tamp down their hostility on their home turf, but unleash it on "aliens" after minor collisions.

Living

Keeping New York Tidy

Not exactly the dog days of August in the Big Apple

o thousands of ordinary New Yorkers, the biggest problem afoot has been not fiscal but fecal. Unlike New York City's money troubles, the spread of dog excrement on the streets and parks long seemed insoluble and irreversible. Last week, after years of fruitless public clamor for an ordinance to ban canine littering, a state law went into effect that would levy a \$25 fine on dog owners who let their pets defecate in any public area without cleaning up the act; the law applies to cities of more than 400,000. In New York City, 2,500 municipal workers, from cops to sanitation men, were authorized to issue summonses to any citizen failing to pick up after his pet

Though most New Yorkers' initial reaction was that the law is probably unenforceable, retailers reported brisk sales of sanitary devices ranging from 15e disposable cardboard shovels to \$11, longhandled pooper scoopers equipped with a flashlight for nocturnal emitters. One apartment complex unveiled a canine comfort station, whose white-tiled premises were dutifully christened by Toto (né Megs). Dorothy's dog in the Broadway musical The Wiz. On the first day of the law, only 22 litter tickets were issued; yet to close observers of sidewalks and parks, there was a marked diminution in dog litter and lots of owners were carrying bags. This may only be temporary. A few cities, notably Chicago and Boston, have had some success with similar ordinances. Other cities have not.

Seizing on a story with, so to speak, grass-roots appeal, some metropolitan newspapers and broadcasters devoted more space and time to the cleanup issue last week than they did to the terrorist attack at the Iraqi embassy in Paris or anything going on in Congress. The New



A pet owner cleaning up the act
Poopetrators vs. doo-dodgers.

York Par banner-headlined a front-page story, CITY DOG OWNERS DOING THEIR RISKOP, CITY DOG OWNERS DOING THEIR RISKOP, CITY DO DUTY. The Daily News ran daily features on "poopertators," concluding in one headline, ON THE FIRST DOO DAY MORN-NIG, CEMILE B SOROPHING, The New York Times editorialized that it was "one of those delicate moments of social experiment when every citizen's attitude can make a difference".

Radio stations in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore produced solemn coverage of the canine crisis in New York. The situation even merited a full 2½ minutes on the CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite. Whether they played it funny or som-

ber, it was a trying topic for newswriters faced with the basic problem of finding bowdlerisms for two very basic four-letter words.

As with most other urban headaches, the problem is more serious in New York than in any other community. The city's estimated 1.4 million dogs dump some 1.25 tons of fees daily—not to mention 100.00 gal of urine. This is not merely an aesthetic and emotional issue between dog owners and doe-dodgers, but a matter of health as well, since the minute round-between the control of th

Some authorities have seriously proposed that 1 all dogs be harned from big cities; or 2 that they be subject to prohibitive licensing fees; or 3 that they be trained to use domestic toilets, as many European pets do The ultimate answer probably is not stiffer laws or stronger enforcement teams but a matter of public education. It is not dogs that need to be trained, but dog owners.

The Iowa Bikeathon

A most amiable event

multicolored ribbon, snaking through multicolored ribbon, snaking through the lowa cornfields, looks like the ultimate outdoor crays sculpture. At hub and T-shirt level it turns out to be the American version of the Tour de France—sams hype, hearthreak, commercials, competition or prizes. It is the annual amateur ton or prizes. It is the annual amateur Missouri to the Mississippi, as amiable a happening as any to be found in the U.S.

The event, sponsored by the Des Moines Register, is known as Ragbrai (pronounced rag-bray), for the Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa. Last week, for the sixth and biggest Ragbrai run, some 5,500 bikers started from the Big Muddy at Sioux City and set out east across the lush, gently rolling heartland to dunk front wheels seven days later in the Father of Rivers at Clinton. En route, along 440 miles of tranquil backcountry roads, the sportive pedalers pumped and panted, munched, sang and slurped through 42 towns and hamlets with such names as Unique, Popejoy, Maquoketa, Alice and Viola. If it was an exhilarating experience for the bikers, saddle sores and all, the Ragbrai caravan -accompanied by 500 four-wheel followers in cars, campers and motor homes -provided the event of the year for the sleepy communities it passed through.

Wheeling into Eagle Grove (pop. 4,489) at 9:30 a.m., dozens of thirsty bikers preempted the Alibi Lounge, chuga-





Pedalers pumping their way eastward through the cornbeit in the annual, week-long marathon that runs from the Missouri to the Mississippi

Bike Nuts, Amiable Amateurs, Togetherness Families and Handlebar Hedonists panted, munched and slurped through the heartland.

lugging beers and cheering with every glass as if it were the last St. Patrick's Day, later forming a conga line on Main Street. At midmorning, in Washta (pop. 319), Joyce Johnson and friends from the United Methodist Church sold 600 lbs. of hamburger and 400 lbs. of hot dogs, 1,500 pieces of fruit, 7,000 candy bars and close to 280 cases of soda (no beer); the women figured on a \$2,000 profit for the church. Outside Iowa Falls (pop. 6.454). Robert Eddy and pals set up a keg of suds in his van with a sign proclaiming FREE BEER, At Varina (pop. 140), where the Lions Club put on a spread (ham sandwiches, apples, homemade cookies, hot dogs) outside the elementary school, members thoughtfully spiked rolls of toilet paper on fence posts bordering the usefully protective 8-ft.-tall rows of corn. Night after night from the instant campgrounds across Iowa arose a bizarre mélange of aromas: marijuana, freshly baked cookies, barbecues, sweat and suntan oil. Some folks thought the fragrance should be bottled. Essence de Ragbrai?

hould be bottled. Essence de Ragbrai?
Who would pump away a sweltering

midsummer week in Iowa, when beaches and lakes nd Laker beckon? Just about anyone, according to TIME's Midwest bureau chief Benjamin Cate, who monitored the cornbelt caravan, part of it on a borrowed ten-speed Gitane bike. The Ragbrai army, he reports, comes from all over the U.S. and from every way of life and income bracket. On the road, its members fall into five loose categories.

The Bike Nuts, who pedal \$1,000 Colnago machines, complete a 70-mile leg in five hours or less and, as one wag noted, "go so fast that no one ever sees them, and they see nothing of the scenery."

The Amiable Amateurs, who ride

the Amiable Amateurs, who ride bikes year round but see the Ragbrai as the big annual adventure and stamina test.

The Togetherness Families, who view the tour as an extended family pic-nic. Harriet Burley, from Elk River, Minn., even brought along eight-year-old Daughter Lynn on her Raleigh Rampar bike.

The Senior Cyclers, who find new romance on the road. They included the Lapels, Ray, 68, and Hazel, 67, from Vail, Iowa, who took turns tromping a tricycle. The Handlebar Hedonists, to

whom Ragbrai is a week-long holiday on spokes, a beer-guzzling and mate-catching challenge. On both scores, they seemed to make out quite well.

There were, of course, a few dropouts. but most victims of blisters, cramps, aches and fatigue were back on the road after a few hours in a trailer called the Sag Wagon. Not so fortunate was Pat Doyle, 20, a truck driver from Dubuque, who vowed at the start to "drink a beer at every saloon on this ride." Alas, for the pride of the Doyles, Pat crashed his bike on the fourth day in Iowa Falls, all those saloons and 250 miles from the last watering hole in Clinton. For those who made it from river to river, surviving the buttered corn, sweet rolls, doughnuts, lemonade, watermelon, apples, popcorn, homemade cookies, eggs-any-style, porkburgers, wienies and pancakes, it was a nice way to make friends, stretch undiscovered muscles and, as Tour Director Don Benson put it, "eat your way across Iowa.

Milestones

BORN. To George Harrison, 35, last of the ex-Beatles to father a child; and Olivia Arias, 30, his Mexican-American friend, who met Harrison four years ago when she worked as a secretary for his Los Angeles record company; a son; in Windsor, England. Name: Dhani, translated from Hindi as "rich person."

MARRIED. Christina Onassis, 27, Greek shipping heiress; and Sergei Kauzov, 37, former Soviet shipping bureaucrat; in Moscow (see WORLD).

DIED. Totle Fields, 48. talk-show comedian who staged a comeback to the nightcub circuit following the amputation of her left leg in 1976; of a heart attack; in Las Vegas. She used to joke about her 4-ft. 11-in., 190-lb. figure: "Obese, hefty, overweight, rotund. I never knew there were so many ways to say fatty."

DIED. Frank Fontaine, 56, comedian known as "Crazy Guggenham"; of a heart attack; in Spokane, Wash. A zany second banana to Jackie Gleason on TV during the '60s. Fontaine had just completed a benefit show and accepted a check for \$25,000, which he planned to donate for heart research, when he collapsed.

DIED. Gunther Rennert, 67. Jet-hopping German opera director of a lung embolsism; in Salzburg. Rennert's experience with film and theater direction paid off in 1946 when British authorities offered him the intendancy of the war-devastated Hamburg Opera. Ten years later, Rennert left the company to direct opera, with his typical theatrical flair, on a freelance basis throughout Europe and the U.S.

DIED. Carlos Chávez, 79, foremost Mexican composer and conductor; of a heart ail-

ment; in Mexico City. Chávez began by writing folk-tinged compositions (the ballet HP in 1926) and gradually embraced romanticism (Sinfonia Romántica in 1953).

DIED. Ben Moreell, 85, retired four-star admiral who created and commanded the Navy's World War II Seabee units; of cancer; in Pittsburgh. Seeing a need for wartime construction crews that could fend off attack. Moreell recruited a new corps of gun-toting workers he called the Seabees, for CBs, or construction battalions. He directed their \$10 billion fortification of Atlantic-Pacific bases, and had the foresight to include Pearl Harbor, which gained two docks invaluable in its recovery from the 1941 Japanese invasion. After the war, Moreell became chairman of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp.

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Education

From Campus to Corporation

Refitting Ph.D.s for the world of business



New York University Professor William Guth gives Ph.D.s expert tips on corporate strategy Deciding between an active life and a reflective life with a taste for power and money.

A Ph.D. in philosophy was once a oneway ticket to an ivy turet. No more. With declining college enrollments, fewer faculty openings, low starting salaries and little chance for tenure, college teaching has lost much of its allure. Even worse, a Mellon Foundation study estimated that by 1990 the U.S. will have a surplus of 60,000 Ph.D. in the humanities.

What are the good doctors to do? Dorothy Harrison, New York State assistant education commissioner, and Ernest May, chairman of Harvard's history department, hit on an idea: why not refit Ph.Ds for the business world? "Here are a group of people with highly developed analytical skills," says Harrison, "They can deal with all kinds of problems."

So they can. Last month, 50 carefully selected Ph.D.s and A.B.D.s (all but dissertation) completed the Careers in Business project, a unique, tuition-free program sponsored by the New York State Department of Education. The 31 men and 19 women, ages 26 to 45, spent seven weeks attending classes at the New York University School of Business Administration, just one block from Wall Street. For many of them, teachers or students until now, the crash courses in accounting, finance, economics, law and marketing were a first exposure to the world of business. Notes Randy Lewis, 31, a Ph.D. from the University of Texas, "What we've all gained is confidence.

They have also gained a foot in the corporate door. More than 50 companies have been interested in the program since its inception. Funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, with

grants from such corporations as A T & T, Exxon and General Motors, the program has established strong links between business and academe. Part of the mission has been to smash stereotypes. Says one Ph.D.: "It works both ways. Businessmen see us as people with no feet on the ground; we see them as ogres."

Both groups seem to have benefited. Each program participant has had about seven job interviews, and offers are already coming in. "They are strong personalities with leadership qualities," observes William Machever of Sun Chemical. "This kind of wasted talent is a disaster for the United States." Adds Morton Darrow of the Prudential Insurance Co., "A corporation today needs people with a greater sensitivity to the world."

This is exactly what many humanisis want to hear. Some of the Ph.Ds plan to take hard-core business jobs, with the understanding that they will have to pick up technical skills. Others hope to bring their special perspectives to corporate decision making. "In interested in a commence, its stockholders and the community," says one woman who still has a high school teaching job.

All the scholars have high aspirations. If love teaching, but being a junior administrator and lecturer is not a viable long-term career," says Goorge Smith, 31, a history Ph.D. who has taught at Harvard for the last two years. "We see ourselves with a taste for power and money." The project supports those goals. "We can be supported the supports the supports though such a channels that will take them to the top," says Co-Director Harrison.

The alumni of the project will be followed for progress reports, partly to help in planning a second Careers in Business program for next summer. Some have represent for next summer some have rehand to the program of the program for the program of the program o

Growing Squeeze

P h.D.s are not the only folks who have to do some calculating about career plans. Continuing a trend that began about ten years ago, college graduates will face fierce competition through the mid-1980s for jobs in fields ranging from anthropology and labor relations to sociology and political science.

According to a study by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, one out of everyfour students with bachelor's degrees will have to settle for a job that generally has not required a college education. In its Occupational Outlook for College Graduates, the bureau predicts that between 1976 and 1985, some 104 million people with undergraduate degrees will enter the job market with only 7.7 million finding the sorts of jobs that traditionally demand those degrees. The remaining 2.7 million will have to take jobs for which they are overeducated or go unemployed.

The terrain is rockiest in fields that are increasingly popular but are not expanding significantly, like journalism, and those that depend heavily on government funds, like oceanography. But the prospects are good to excellent in many careers. Health service administrators, engineers, registered nurses, accountants, bank officers, Catholic priests, computer programmers and systems analysts are among those expected to be in demand in the next decade. The BLS notes that while a bachelor's degree ensures a good chance at a job, a graduate degree in any of these fields would be an especially marketable asset.

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Home-Town Girl Ronstadt joins Jagger and the Stones

People

On the last leg of a honevmoon that commenced in Tahiti, Princess Caroline of Monaco and Philippe Junot strolled on the Ocean City, N.J., beach like a couple of locals. Joining them at the surfside home of Caroline's maternal grandma, Margaret Kelly, was Princess Grace. Instead of a little Saturday night fever at a neighborhood disco, Caroline and Philippe opted for a Gay Jitterbug. The horse, that is, whose jockey, Steve Cauthen, was presented the winner's cup by the newlyweds at the nearby Atlantic City race track.

After being besieged by the press, said Astronaut Candidate Margaret Seddon, 30, "you just want to be one of the guys." No such luck for the first six women launching NASA's twoyear training program with a crash course in water survival at the U.S. Air Force Base in Homestead, Fla. Zooming down a 45-ft. tower into warm. stagnant water, sliding under an open parachute, crawling in and out of at least three rafts and getting lifted up by a helicopter hoist. Astronaut Candidate Sally Ride, 27, screamed "No!" to a photographer who begged for "a happy look." Not all the astronautical hopefuls felt such aversion to media coverage. Pouted one of 42 men in the program: "We're mere commoners."



Astronaut Candidate Seddon

For the Rolling Stones, summer has been a whirlwind tour of the U.S. with a small army of technicians and groupies, to showcase a grab bag of gritty songs from a sizzling new album, Some Girls. On most of their dates, the

Stones have rolled around ever-devilish Mick Jagger. But in Tucson, Ariz., the group added a bit of Sunbelt beauty to its act. Announced Jagger: 'Now we're going to have a home-town girl sing with us and give her a chance." As any frequenter of Ronstadt's Hardware store in Tucson might have known, the guest was Linda Ronstadt herself, resting up at home with her parents before her next tour. Showing especially slim, sunbronzed legs, the local torch singer joined sometime flame Jagger in a rendition of Tumbling Dice. a rocker she recorded on her own latest album, Simple Dreams. Homecrowd reaction: delirious.

It sounds like a case of legalistic kiss and tell, but Patty Hearst means business. Challenging the bank robbery sentence that she is now serving. Hearst's new attorney, George C. Martinez, charged that Attorney F. Lee Bailey's "ineffective counsel" reduced her 1976 trial to "a mockery, a farce and a sham." In a nine-page affidavit filed in the San Fran-

cisco U.S. District Court,

Hearst declared that Bailey's own interests interfered with his work in court. She also "no-ticed during my trial that it was necessary for him [Bailey] to ingest what I consider 'hangover' medicine," that his "hands were shaking, that he seemed to be suffering from the effects of insomnia, that his judgment seemed impaired."

On the Record

Penelope Russianoff, New York therapist, on the negative reactions she got from her peers after she played a therapist in the film An Unmarried Woman: "So much has happened that I went back to my own analyst after twelve years."

Rainer Werner Fassbinder, on the goals of young European directors like himself: "We want to find a form that doesn't empty audiences' heads and make them stupid."

Angle Dickinson, TV actress, asked if she dresses for women: "I dress for women—and I undress for men."

Art

Along the Paris-Berlin Axis

Europe's top summer show at Paris' Pompidou Center

By far the most important art show in Europe this summer is "Paris-Berlin, 1900-1933" at the Pompidou Center in Paris. It is the second of three exhibitions designed to describe the links between Paris and three other capitals of modernist culture: New York, Berlin and Moscow. The project made a lame start with the Paris-New York show in 1977, a patchy curatorial bungle. It finds its feet with this exhibition. The theme is large: nothing less than the whole panorama of the German avant-garde in its most spiritual, subversive or idealist aspects, from the time of Kaiser Wilhelm II to that of Adolf Hitler. It embraces film, photography, architecture, industrial design and printing, as well as sculpture and painting, and it covers an extraordinary ferment of ideas and images. In short, it is the first major exhibition-as the Pompidou Center proudly and rightly claims -to trace the development of the range of German culture in the first third of our

The quality of German visual art has traditionally been downplayed by a

that-especially for those born between 1930 and 1945-there were relatively few vivid images of a civilized "modernist" Germany to set against the overwhelming iconography of Nazi terror. Now this is changing, "Paris-Berlin" comes hard on the heels of a splendid group of exhibitions mounted in Berlin last fall by the Council of Europe under the general title "Trends of the '20s." They focused on German Dada, on the Bauhaus and its circle, and on international constructivism, "Paris-Berlin" overlaps the earlier shows in those areas; many of the "classics" of the '20s, like Laszlo Moholy-Nagy's light-space modulators and constructivist paintings, or the ferocious social satires of George Grosz and Otto Dix, or the Dada visions of mechanized man by Raoul Hausmann and Hannah Höch, are on view again in Paris. But the new show deepens the argument by paying more attention to the social and political aims of the German artists and to the country's expressionist art that preceded the outbreak of World



Blue Window, 1911, by Matisse Francocentric version of art history, so His repose and certainty were absent.



It is, of course, a spectacle Vestige of the Eiffel Tower appears in Delaunay's A Window, 1912-13 very different from French art. Among the colors of the spectrum, a condescending paternalism.

Instead of the relatively ordered conversations of the masters of the School of Paris, we see a kind of telephone exchange buzzing with impacted messages and manned, much of the time, by desperate operators; among the shouts and static and discontinuous sentences there is a certain visionary urgency-a belief that art could act directly on the world-whose intensity had few parallels in art communities located to the west of the Rhine.

with the current of French tradition, which almost totally dominates German painting," Grosz wrote to a friend as the first World War was ending, "We have to finish with these weary painters of sentiment and vagueness, Cézanne, Picasso and the rest." Certainly, for the first 20 years of the century, the current between the avant-garde of the two capitals ran only from Paris to Berlin. As the German art historian Werner Spies remarks in the catalogue to "Paris-Berlin," the visits made by Henri Matisse or Robert Delaunay to Germany were "marked by a condescending paternalism." in contrast to the tentative and supplicatory visits that German artists like August Macke, Wilhelm Lehmbruck or Max Beckmann made to France: the French went to Germany as living demonstrations, the Germans by and large to

Paris as students.

'With us," Macke wrote in 1910, four years before he was killed in battle, "each risk is the desperate and chaotic experience of a man not in command of his tongue." The principal influence on Macke was French: the paintings of Delaunay, like A Window, 1912-13, which had been seen in Berlin in 1913. Its light-filled space, saturated with color-not the sober browns and gravs of cubism, but the full radiance of the spectrum from high vellow through to ultramarine, with a vestigial slice of trusswork from the Eiffel Tower rising in the top third of the painting to remind one that this was a view of Paris made a deep impression on the young German, to whom color had an absolute value. But instead of following Delaunay into abstraction, he grafted his color system onto the figure; paintings like Pierrot, 1913. were the result.

There was a time lag between the two cities-inevitably, given the state of communications before World War I and the lack of traveling shows. That it was not longer was largely due to artists' organizations in Germany, chiefly the Blue Rider group, a large and amorphous body of painters, sculptors and writers started in Munich by Wassily Kandinsky and Franz Marc. Directness of expression. unmediated purity of color and a faith in what Kandinsky called the "inner necessity": these were the watchwords. and what they helped produce-as in Alexej Jawlensky's Young Girl with Peonies, 1909-was a northern equivalent to what the Fauves had been painting beside the Mediterranean for some several years past.

Yet as the principles of the Blue Rider were taken up by the younger German artists who were the backbone of the expressionist movement. Ernst Ludwig

Kirchner, Emil Nolde, Beckmann, it soon became clear that they were painting in a world apart from that of Matisse or André Derain. The kind of repose and certainty, not only of looking but also of pictorial procedure, that emanates from works like Matisse's Blue Window, 1911. was absent from German expressionism. The stomping figures of Nolde's Dance Before the Golden Calf. 1910, are a Matissean subject-a ring of dancing celebrants-but they are violent, heavy-set and robed in an apoplectic yellow that Matisse would almost certainly have found coarse. And whereas the countryside or the coastal village, seen as an undisturbed arcadia, is the backdrop to Fauve painting, expressionism made the city into a protagonist-the ravenous street, blazing with artificial light and imagined by Kirchner as a kind of menacing theater of neurosis, populated by thin, modish Liliths



er German artists who Pale Liliths in a theater of neurosis: Kirchner's The Street, Dresden, 1908



Young Girl with Peonies, 1909, by Jawlensky

Kirchner's was the exemplary character of expressionism: a man of febrile intensity, lucid, narcissistic, self-ruinous (his collapse in 1917-18 was due partly to emotional anguish at the war but partly to a grave drug addiction) and relentlessly self-critical. He was as much a peintre maudit as Modigliani, but a far larger talent: beside him, the Fauves look calm and deliberate. His paintings were metaphors of anxiety. The constant agitation of line, the abruptly shuffled planes of leg or face, the pervading sense of irritability and impending breakdown all of this was indeed

a long way from the prevailing forms of French experience. Though Kirchner only developed in contact with the teeming life of the city. other expressionists, like Nolde, went to the remote extreme, painting rural scenes of an almost pre-Hesiodic primitiveness. Nevertheless, the basic content of radical German art, from 1910 onward, would be urban. The city was the theater of all human conflict, psychological or political; it was the relentless focus of Dadaism, the backdrop of expressionism, the obsessive subject of the reforms proposed by the constructivists and the Bauhaus group. In Germany the miseries of 20th century city life were articulated in art with as much care as the pleasures of Paris had been by the artists of France 50 years before. For this reason alone, German art is of vast importance to our retrospective grasp of the 20th century that we inhabit: for it was in Germany that art first showed what modern man could not endure to be. - Robert Hughes





From violent, heavy-set celebrants to meditations on light: Nolde's Dance Before the Golden Calf, 1910, and (right) Pierrot, 1913, by Macke "With us, each risk is the desperate and chaotic experience of a man not in command of his tongue."



Law

Storm over Secrecy Acts

In Canada and Britain, the lid is tighter than in the U.S.

The competing needs for government secrecy and the public right to know have long posed a dilemma for Western democracies. In the U.S., the most recent example is the case of Frank Snepp, the former CIA agent who was ordered by a federal judge last June to turn over to the Government any "ill-gotten gains" (at least \$60,000 so far) from Decent Interval, his book charging the CIA with botch-

ing the evacuation of Saigon. The Government argued that Snepp jeopardized future intelligence operations by violating his secrecy oath; Snepp's defenders saw a discouraging precedent for future

whistle blowers

No matter how worrisome the Snepp case may be to U.S. public servants who break promises to keep secrets, they do not have to contend with anything like the Official Secrets Act in Canada or Britain, where it is a crime to disclose any government document without permission. These laws are currently under fire in both countries, as a result of three cases.

The most bizarre one concerns Alexander Peter Treu, 56, a German-born Canadian and former Luftwaffe pilot who heads Canalatin Consultants, a Montreal electronics firm. In the late 1960s and early '70s, he worked on the design of communications and surveillance systems that were built for NATO by a larger Canadian firm. In 1974 Mounties raided Treu's home and carted away 500 lbs. of documents. In 1976, after a long investigation, he was charged under the Official Secrets Act with holding on to clas-'reasonable care" of them.

Just what Treu did wrong was not spelled out in the charge. Treu himself is not allowed to say; if he does, he will go to jail. He is likely to be imprisoned anyway because he has been found guilty. On what evidence? No one is allowed to explain that either. His yearlong trial at Montreal's Palais de Justice, which concluded last April, was conducted in secret. All that has been revealed is his sentence: two years in jail

During his trial. Treu gave several interviews suggesting that he was the victim of bureaucratic bungling, which may have let his security clearance lapse without his knowledge. Indeed, NATO was still awarding contracts to him during his trial. Now free on \$10,000 bail pending an

appeal, Treu has been silenced by a court order, and officials hint only that the case is not insubstantial

While Treu was being secretly tried this spring, the Canadian government used the Official Secrets Act for the first time against a newspaper, prosecuting the Toronto Sun for disclosing a top-secret Mountie report on Soviet espionage, Critics complain that the Sun, a persistent

sified documents without official Canadian Alexander Treu at his Beaconsfield home near Montreal

authorization and failing to take Should the number of cups of tea consumed be classified?

right-wing gadfly to the Trudeau government, is being charged not with spilling secrets but with revealing government ineptness at dealing with Soviet spies.

The English case involves three small, militantly leftist magazines held in contempt for printing the name of an intelligence officer. Called Colonel B in court, the officer had testified against two leftwing journalists charged under the British O.S.A. with receiving unauthorized information. Four members of Parliament later deliberately uttered his real name in a nationally broadcast debate. Radio commentators, fearing prosecution, were careful not to repeat the name. The magazines were handslapped with small fines (less than \$1,000 each), and much

of the press ridiculed the whole farce. The Colonel B affair underlines the ous history of the Official Secrets Act, which dates from 1896 in Britain and 1939 in Canada. Although, as one former British Attorney General put it, the act can make it a crime "to report the number of cups of tea consumed per week in a government department," in fact there have been few prosecutions. That is explained partly by intimidation, partly by government restraint and partly by the British and Canadian press's deference to the need for government secrecy.

Lately, segments of press and Parliament in both countries have been less doc-MANTATA ile and more inclined to see the

act as a cover-up tool. Says Canadian M.P. Gerald Baldwin: What was conceived of as a weapon of defense against enemies without has become an offensive weapon for governments and bureaucrats to deal with embarrassments within.

Britain's Labor government last month released a White Paper proposing a streamlined Official Secrets Act. But civil libertarians fear that under the reforms, official prosecutions will go up, not down. "The new act," says a civil liberties advocate, "will convert an inaccurate blunderbuss into a highly accurate rifle.'

Because of the First Amendment and ambiguous espionage laws, the U.S. press is not nearly so hamstrung by Government secrecy as its British and Canadian counterparts, who could not get away with printing something like the Pentagon papers. As for American public servants who disclose Government information, they can land in jail only if the information harms the national defense (though just what material should be classified secret remains hotly debated). To plug less serious leaks, the U.S. has tried to use other tools. Example:

Snepp was not charged with disclosing classified information but with violating his secrecy oath, which the CIA. State. Treasury, Defense and other agencies all have in varying forms.

Unlike the U.S., neither Canada nor the U.K. has any kind of Freedom of Information Act. But in Canada, the government has promised to propose freedom-of-information legislation in the fall, and demand for similar legislation is building in Britain. Still, the chance for any real loosening is perhaps illustrated by what happened a few years ago to an internal Canadian government study on ways to increase public access: the bureaucrats who ordered up the report promptly stamped it CONFIDENTIAL .

Books

Album of History and Decay

EZRA POUND IN ITALY: FROM THE PISAN CANTOS Edited by Gianfranco Ivancich; Photographs by Vittorugo Contino Rizzoli; 136 pages; \$27.50

This book arrives have a partial In snapshots long lost in the mail. In his book arrives like a packet of | 1968, some four years before his death, Poet Ezra Pound agreed to accompany an Italian photographer on a tour of the locales that had inspired him during the

writing of the Pisan Cantos 23 years earlier. The freedom to roam was ironic, for when Pound had composed these poems he had not been free to travel anywhere. He was incarcerated in the U.S. Army Disciplinary Training Center in Pisa. charged with treason for making speeches over Rome radio in support of Mussolini's regime. For the first three weeks of his imprisonment, Pound, then

pecially the stones of Venice speak for themselves. His black-and-white photography starkly captures the Venetian redolence of intrigue, history and decay



an Grande's grin like Trung Cochran's "



The hands, handwriting and ravaged face of Ezra Pound in Italy, 1968 to let Pisa, Verona and es- The sharpest possible image expressed in the fewest possible words.

Next there are the accompanying ex-

still present but encoded. Seeing what Pound saw before it filtered through his mind helps break that code. Sometimes the pictures simply amplify the words. Two pages of dark, roiling skyscape follow lines on Pisan's "undoubtedly various" clouds. More often than not though, a photographic sight helps explain a sound. A line like "Can Grande's grin like Tommy Cochran's" is meaningless without the knowledge that Tommy Cochran was "a

cerpts and snippets from the Pisan Cantos, reproduced in Pound's handwriting.

Good poetry should stand on its own feet, but Pound's presents a special case.

Although as a young man he campaigned

tirelessly for the sharpest possible image expressed in the fewest possible words,

his later poems grew increasingly allu-

sive, personal and cryptic. Images were

kid" Pound knew as a youth, and without an image of the statue Can Grande della Scala in Verona. The statue and the grin are here. Finally there are the

rare, unsettling views of Pound himself. Unlike Yeats, Joyce and Eliot, the great modernists whom he coached and championed Pound never prepared a public face. Even at 83, he remained unsmiling and ill at ease in front of the camera, although he had come to look like the personification of an aging bard. His unruly hair had whitened into a mane, and his face bore lines and wrinkles beyond the mere ravages of time. In "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" (1920) Pound had praised "the obscure reveries/ Of the inward gaze." As these pictures prove, it became his characteristic expression.

Except occasionally, when his brooding dark eyes flared. Several photographs capture these moments, showing Ezra Pound's face as a nalimnsest of his tangled character, the battleground over which genius and crankiness had struggled for so long. At such times he no longer looks like a frail and elderly man. He is Lear, a tragic, flawed figure who created a literary kingdom and then drove himself into - Paul Gray

ories and older landmarks makes for intriguing viewing on several levels. First there are the sites themselves. Although a few of his shots smack of artiness, Photographer Vittorugo Contino is usually content

Can Grande's statue in Verona

59, was kept in a small out-

door cage with a cement floor, free only to watch

the Pisan clouds by day and

"O moon my pin-up" at night. Improbably, some of

his greatest poetry flowered

there and in the tent where

he languished during the

of Pound's unsentimental

journey through old mem-

next five months. The pictorial record

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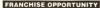
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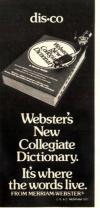
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Books

Animal Paragon

PEOPLE OF THE LAKE by Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin Anchor Press/ Doubleday: 298 pages:

veryone has his own idea of how man became man, and of what life was like among the creatures, no longer apes but not yet human, who inhabited the earth more than a million years ago. In 2001, science fiction writer Arthur Clarke presented are men who evolved, in part, by murdering those of their neighbors who had not yet learned to use clubs. Cartoonists gave us Fred Flintstone and his pet dinosaurs. The epic movie One Million B.C. offered a grunting Raquel Welch dodging various prehistoric beasts and cave men with something more than evolution on their minds.

These views of our ancestors are diverting, and even, on occasion, informative. But even the speculations of more serious anthropologists and behavioral scientists, says Richard Leakey, are far from accurate. The author should know. His own guesses have the ring of authority, and his genealogy is impeccable. Indeed, if anyone doubts the power of heredity, let him examine the lineage-or the books-of the Leakey family. A generation ago, the great anthropologists Louis and Mary first explored the highlands of East Africa in search of man's origins. Today their son Richard spends much of his time in further examination of sun-scorched barrens in northern Kenya. He has found enough clues to burnish the names of two families: the Leakevs and the larger tribe of Homo sapiens.

In 1972 a team unearthed the nearly complete skull of a creature called Homo habilis, a protoman who flourished some 2 million years ago. The skull, labeled "1470" for its Kenya National Museum catalogue number, gave science a new idea of early man's appearance. People of the Lake provides some fresh ideas about how he lived. The book, written in collaboration with Roger Lewin of the British journal New Scientist, also offers some encouraging speculations on why hominids became humans.

n accomplished fossil hunter. Richard An accomplished loss. Leakey wittily probes the remains uncovered near crocodile-infested Lake Turkana. The authors admit that we know little about Ramapithecus, a small apelike fellow who existed some 12 million years ago; all we have are a few teeth and bones. Nor, despite the recently unearthed ribs and vertebrae, is there much more data about Australopithecus, who survived until about a million years ago, then turned down an evolutionary dead-end street and disappeared. But science has learned what happened to habilis. With a brain half again as big as his neighbors', he not only

adapted to his environment but evolved. Habilis passed his genes along to an improved model called erectus, who evolved into modern man, a creature Shakespeare more accurately called "the paragon of

Stone tools, cave paintings and burial sites have provided glimpses of our immediate ancestors. But how did habilis live? The fossil record, notes Leakey, provides a skeleton key. But the life-styles of primates, and of such modern-day primitives as the !Kung and the Eskimos, offer more elaborate clues. For one thing they suggest that the existence of earlier man was not, as previously supposed, nasty, brutish and short. Gatherer-hunters, says Leakey, led a shrewd, uncompetitive life and spent little time on the hunt. What truly separated them from their relatives the chimps and baboons, however, was not their intelligence but their generosity.



Sharing is what made us human.

"Sharing, not hunting or gathering as such, is what made us human," writes Leakey. "We are human because our ancestors learned to share their food and their skills in an honored network of obligation.

Leakey does not deny that hunting, with its emphasis on teamwork and advanced weaponry, helped to civilize hominids. But he categorically rejects the idea, espoused by writers like Robert Ardrey (The Territorial Imperative), that hunting eventually turned early man into a killer. Indeed, the preponderance of evidence indicates that primitive humans were far more likely to cooperate than annihilate. The fact that history is filled with battles, says Leakey, "does not mean that the specific activity of war is written into our genes, [any] more than is the specific skill to play the game of football, the specific talent for making fine wine, or the specific inventiveness to design interplanetary rockets." It is nations that make war. he insists, not genes.

Thus, unlike many of his colleagues,

SHARKY'S MACHINE

It runs on secrets, sex and suspense. And it never lets up.

"This novel gets three sets of gears running at once," says the advance rave in *The Kirkus Reviews*, "and once they start whirring, all systems are absolutely *go.*"

SHARKY'S MACHINE: It roars from a midnight mission behind German lines in 1944 to the deadly opulence of Hong Kong's exotic brothels: from a glass tower high above Atlanta's Peachtree Street where an international entrepreneur with a shadowed past rules a vast financial empire, to the airliess Vice Squad office where a cop named Sharky does his gritty work

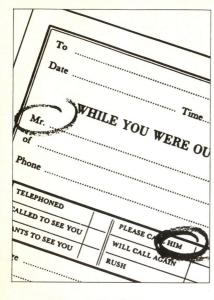
SHARKY'S MACHINE: "fast, furious, and sensational" says *Publishers Weekly*; "the most entertaining thriller in recent memory;" the electrifying debut of a major new talent that targeted even before

publication for "a spot on the bestseller lists."

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Books

Leakey does not believe that modern man is necessarily programmed for Armageddon. Other species faded and died out simply because they had no choice. "But in our case," says the anthropologist, "extinction would be entirely of our own making, the result of being intelligent enough to create the means of our own destruction but not rational enough to ensure that they are not used.

It is observations like this that grant Leakey's entertaining book its powerful moral underpinning. Only when mankind knows where it has come from can it tell where it is to go. Our past, observes Leakev. is beyond our control. Our future-and the choice between extinction or survival -is our own. - Peter Stoler

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Final Payments, Mary Gordon . Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories, Gabriel Garcia Márquez . Shosha, Isaac Bashevis Singer . The Execution of Mayor Yin, Chen Jo-hsi . The Left-Handed Woman, Peter Handke . The World According to Garp, John Irving

NONFICTION: A Place for Noah, Josh Greenfeld . Evita: First Lady, John Barnes . First Person Rural, Noel Perrin . Inventing America, Garry Wills . The Gulag Archipelago III, Alexander Solzhenitsyn . The Snow Leopard. Peter Matthiessen

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Chesapeake, Michener

- (I last week) 2. Scruples, Krantz (2)
- 3. The Holcroft Covenant.
- Ludlum (4)
- 4. Bloodline, Sheldon (6) 5. Evergreen, Plain (7)
- 6. Eye of the Needle, Follett (3)
- 7. The Last Convertible, Myrer (8) 8. The World According to Garp.
- Irving (5)
- 9. Stained Glass. Buckley (9)
- 10. The Women's Room, French NONFICTION

1. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries

- -What Am I Doing in the Pits? Bombeck (1)
- 2. The Complete Book of Running.
- 3. My Mother/My Self, Friday (5) 4. Pulling Your Own Strings, Dyer (3)
- 5. A Time for Truth, Simon (4)
- 6. Metropolitan Life, Lebowitz (9)
- 7. Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover/Shapeover Beauty
- Program, Arpel with Ebenstein 8. Till Death Us Do Part, Bugliosi
- with Hurwitz (7) 9. Gnomes, Huygen & Poortvliet (10) 10. RN: The Memoirs of Richard

Nixon, Nixon (6) TIME, AUGUST 14, 1978



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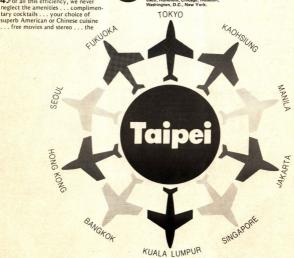
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Cinema



John Belushi and his fraternity brothers in National Lam

School Days

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE

Directed by John Landis Screenplay by Harold Ramis, Douglas Kenney and Chris Miller

Before National Lampoon's Animal House, no one ever had the guts to make an honest movie about college life. From Good News to Love Story, from Campus Confidential to The Paper Chase. Hollywood has chosen to regard the campus as a haven for earnest young lovers, gung-ho jocks, inspirational professors and tortured class losers. Animal House. a riotous farce set at fictional Faber College in 1962, presents quite another picture. The film's so-called animals-the inhabitants of Faber's most disreputable fraternity house-are a filthy, outrageous lot. They guzzle and spit beer, drive motorcycles indoors, dump Fizzies in the school swimming pool, pile up 1.2 gradepoint averages on their "permanent records" and wreck the homecoming parade. Here, at long last, are movie characters who embody the true spirit of American higher education

Animal House is the first film project of the National Lampoon, the magazine that prides itself on raising sophomoric yuks to a fearlessly nasty pitch. The movie has the same strengths and weaknesses as its parent publication. At its best it perfectly expresses the fears and loathings of kids who came of age in the late '60s; at its worst Animal House revels in abject silliness. The hilarious highs easily compensate for the puerile lows. A few dumb gags about ROTC thugs and big breasts do not detract from the film's scabrous as-

saults on undergraduate caste systems, sanctimonious preppies and liberal pieties. Besides, how can one fail to like a campus film that kills off one of the coeds in a kiln explosion?

The film's plot has something to do with the efforts of a mean dean (John Vernon) to shut down the frat house, but it is really just an excuse for a series of bits that are far too hot for TV's Saturday Night Live. We watch the homoerotic rituals of a fraternity initiation and the orgiastic excesses of an all-night "toga" party. In one funny if discomforting scene, white students show up at a black night spot and try, without notable success, to display some soul. Animal House ends with a where-are-they-now epilogue that demolishes the sentimental finale of American Graffiti, also set in 1962

The cast is large and talented. Thomas Hulce (the class "wimp"). Stephen Furst (the class "blimp"), James Daughton (a BMOC of ambiguous sexuality) and Karen Allen (as the sexiest of the animals' girls) are much more subtle performers than the material demands. Donald Sutherland, playing Faber's obligatory pot-smoking English prof, and Verna Bloom, as the dean's alcoholic wife, score some wicked points against the postgraduate generation.

Though Director John Landis (The Kentucky Fried Movie) strives for an ensemble effort, he does allow one true star performance-from John Belushi. This Saturday Night Live regular, here making his big-screen debut, may be the funniest fat comic actor since Jackie Gleason. Ill-shaven and semicomatose. Belushi plays the mangiest animal of them all. He does not have many lines, but he is splendid at starting food fights and leading his fraternity brothers in drunken cho-

ruses of Louie Louie

He also has what is probably the film's most telling scene: one night he hoists a ladder up the side of a sorority house and spies on the coeds through a window. In any other college movie, his efforts would not pay off, but here they do in spades. Belushi's wide eyes take in one gorgeous nude body after another as the girls engage in pillow fights and unmentionable other acts. Yet there is nothing sordid about his voyeurism; it seems almost pure. That is because the Lampoon people understand the darkest secret of an American college education: one of the noblest reasons to go is to spend four years study-- Frank Rich ing sex.



An illicit nocturnal peek into a Faber College sorority house Unlocking the darkest and funniest secrets of American higher education

Show Business

The Lampoon Goes Hollywood

America's only adult humor magazine is now a comedy empire

Eight years ago, three newly graduated Harvard Lampoon editors had a wild and crazy idea: Why not start the first modern national humor magazine for American adults? They took the idea to a middle-aged entrepreneur—the publisher of Weight Watchers magazine, no less—and National Lampoon was born. The rest is history, or if not history, then at least hilarity.

Today National Lampoon, the brainchild of Douglas Kenney, Henry Beard and Robert Hoffman, is a show-biz empire of comedy. Not only has the magazine been a huge success (circ. 600.000), but it has also launched popular spin-offs: books, records (three Grammy Award nominations), stage revues, a radio show. its modest \$2.7 million production cost. Though the Lampoon has become big and rich, it has never lowered its scathing comic voice. What we do is oppressor comedy. is the prod claim of which we have been so comedy. It is the production of which we have been been so with the production of the work of the w

Every Lampoon fan has his own favorite outrageous moment. One occurred lion copies sold): the 1964 High School Yearbook Parody. A precursor of Animal House (also co-written by Kenney), this work was a replica of a second-rate school annual, right down to the pushy ads for local merchants and the classmates' autographed clichés in the margins. The book is so rich in social detail that it brings a whole fictional town, Dacron, Ohio, to life. The new Sunday Newspaper Parody is the Dacron Republican-Democrat (slogan: One of America's Newspapers). The two parodies take aim at small-town American life in the '70s with the same spirit, and occasionally some of the pathos of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson in the '20s. If one man deserves particular credit

cessful publishing project to date (1.6 mil-

for the growth of the Lampoon's diverse enterprises, it is Matty Simmons, 51, the man whom Hoffman, Kenney and Beard approached in 1970. A co-Gunder of the Diners' Club, Simmons quickly saw the need for the Lampoon. "Even the Soviets had adult humor magazines," he recalls, "but we hadn't had one for 30 or 40 years. Once the Lampoon came out, it was the fastest-growing magazine in the country,"

t was Simmons who raided Chicago's satirical Scool City troupe to bring Belushi to New York for the 1973 revue National Lampoon's Lemmings. He in turn eventually brought along Radner and Harold Ramis lanother deimal House companies of the Compa

yellow aviator-shape glasses and flashy shirts, hopping between Manhattan and Hollywood. He has a twelve-movie deal at Universal, and will follow Animal House with a film version of Lemmings. Veteran Lampoon writers, in various combinations, are at work on film scripts for Simmons and themselves.

Those writers, now in their 30s, remain an elite and clubby group: bright children of the '60s who have put their angst to work for fun and profit. Explains Kenney, 31 and a Lampoon-made millionaire: "The Harvard Lampoon was my 'animal house.' I didn't want it to end, so I got Matty to make it a national magazine. Now, as I look back at the past decade, I see a group of about 30 people that I have worked with again and again. I expect to work with them for the next ten years. We were the generation that discovered that alienation is funny. We found that if you take an existentialist, add a hot Camaro, a skateboard and a lot of dope, you have a working, vital existentialist who can get a job at the National

Lampoon.





Magazine Editor in Chief P.J. O'Rourke and Publisher Matty Simmons
Insiders who chose to stand in the doorway and criticize everyone else.

Better still, the Lampoon has nutrured a new generation of comic talent. Many of the creators of NBC's Saturday Night Live, including Michael O'Donoghue, the chief writer, are Lampoon alumni. That show's Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time-Players Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Gilda Radner and Bill Murray first hit the big time in Lampoor revues.

This summer is the Lampoon's balmest yet. Last month the magazine published its Sunday Newspaper Parody, an eight-section, 34-95 send-up of Middle American journalism that is starting to the trade-paperback bestseller lists. This week the magazine's first film venture, a college sairu letterous in 600 theaters nationwide. Bolstered by good reviews and Star John Belushi, the movie is already playing to smash business in New York City and should return a helpy profit on in January 1973, when the magazine's cover photo of a puppy with a gun to its head was accompanied by the headline, IF YOU DON'T BUY THIS MAGAZINE, WE'LL KILL THIS DOG. Off-Broadway audiences recall The National Lampoon Show of 1975, in which Gilda Radner playing Patty Hearst machine-gunned Steven Weed. Lampoon writers routinely savage Kennedys, Nixons, Third World peasants and American capitalists. No one, alive or dead, is sacred. The Lampoon's last issue included a fictional letter to the editor in which "Larry Flynt referred to himself as "the George Wallace of porn." With this kind of animus, it is no wonder that the Lampoon's first movie has a richly deserved R rating.

Out of such tasteless license can come some of the best comic writing in the country. Four years ago, O'Rourke and Kenney edited the *Lampoon's* most suc-

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Out-of-clores, people all acceed out in the summer additions.

Even the occasional docupour makes for a nice moment. We recommend waiting it out with a splash of crystal-clear Smirnoff and tonic or fresh grapeful lives. Splash gently though, you might miss the performance.